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Per.
1809.
J.K.

The Spanish Tragedie:

Or,
Hieronimo is mad againe:

Containing the lamentable end of *Don Horatio*, and *Belimperia*:
With the pittifull Death of *Hieronimo*.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new Additions
as it hath of late benee diuers times Acted.



LONDON.

Printed by John White, for F. Langley, and
are to be sold at his Shop over against the
Savoy, head without New-gate, 1688.

The Spanish Tragedie

As it was acted at the Swan and White Hart in London

By the famous and renowned English Tragedians, the Children of the Swan and White Hart, in the Strand, near the Old Palace Church, in the City of London.



LONDON
Printed by John Wmce, and
are to be sold at the Shop of the
Stationers without Newgate, 1616.



ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him Revenge.

Ghost.



When this eternall substance of my Soule
Did liue imprisoned in my wonted flesh;
Each in their function seruing others need;
I was a Courtier in the Spanish Court:
My name was *Don Andrea*, my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferior farre:

To gracious Fortunes of my tender youth:
For there in prime and pride of all my yeares,
By dutious Service, and deserving loue,
In secret I possesse a worthy Dame,
Which hight sweet *Belimperia* by name:
But in the Haruest of my Sommer ioyes,
Deaths Winter nip the blossomes of my blisse,
Forcing diuorle betwixt my Loue and mee:
For in the late Conflict with *Portingale*,
My Valour drew me into dangers mouth,
Till life to death made passage through my wounds;
When I was slaine, my Soule descended straight,
To passe the flowing streame of *Acheron*,
But churlish *Charon*, onely Boatman there,
Said, that my rites of Buriall not perform'd,
I might not sit among his Passengers.
Ere *Sol* had slept three nights in *Thetis* lappe,
And slackt his smeking Chariot in her foud:
By *Don Horatio* our Knight-Marshalls sonne,
My Funerals and Obsequies were done.
Then was the Ferry-man of Hell content,
To passe me ouer to the stonie Strond,
That leades to fell *Aeacus* ougly waues,
There pleasing *Cerberus*: with homed speech,

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I past the Pavils of the foremost Porch :
Not farre from hence, amidst ten thousand soules,
Sate *Adonis*, *Eacus*, and *Rhadaman* :
To whom no (souldier) make approach,
To craue a Pasport for my wandring Ghost,
But *Adonis* in graue leaues of Lotterie,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death,
This Knight (quoth he) both liu'd & died in lone,
And for his loue, tried fortune of the warres,
And by Warres fortune, lost both lone and life.
Why then (said *Eacus*) conuey him hence,
To wake with Lovers in our Fields of Loue,
And spend the course of Euerlasting time,
Vnder greene Myrtle trees and Cypers shades.
No, no, (saide *Rhadaman*) it were not well,
With louing soules, to place a Martialist,
Hee died in Warre, and must to Martiall fieldes:
Where wounded *Hector* liues in lasting paine,
And *Achilles* Mermedons doe scoure the plaine.
Then *Adonis*, mildest censor of the three,
Made this deuice, to end the difference,
Send him (quoth he) to our infernall King,
To doome him as best seemes his Maistie.
To this effect, my Pasport straight was drawne.
In keeping on my way to *Plutus* Court,
Through dreadfull shapes of euer blooming night,
I saw more sights then thousand Tongues can tell,
Or penne can write, or mortal Hearts can thinke.
Three wayes there were, that on the right hand side
Was ready way vnto the foresaide Field,
Where Lovers liue, and bloody Martiallistes;
But either sort containde within his bounds,
The left hand Path, declyning fearefully,
Was readie fall downe to the deepest Hell,
Where bloody Furie shakes their Whipps of Steele,
And poore *Ision* turnes an endlesse wheele:
Where Vsurers are choakt with melting Gold,
And wantons are imbrast with ougly Snakes,

And

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And Murderers greene with ever-blooming wounds,
And periurd wights scalded in boyling Lutes,
And all foule finnes with torments ouerwhelm'd,
Twixt these two wayes, I trode the middle path,
Which brought me to the faire *Chloris* Greene:
In midst whereof, there standes a stately Tower,
The Walles of Brasse, the Gates of Adamant:
Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,
I shewed my Passport humbled on my knee:
Whereat faire *Proserpine* began to smile,
I begd that onely shee might giue my dowrie:
Pluto was pleas'd, and seal'd it with a kisse,
Foordth-with *Reuenge* shee rounded thee in th' eare,
And bade thee lead me through the Gates of Horrours,
Where *Dreamers* haue passage in the silent night,
No sooner had shee spoke, but we were heere,
(I wot not how) in twinkling of an eye.

Reuenge.

Then know *Andrea*, that thou art arriued
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death:
Don Balhazar the Prince of *Portingale*,
Deprin'd of life by *Belmperia*,
Heere sit we downe to see the misterie,
And serue for *Chorus* in this Tragedie.

Enter Spanish King, Generall, Castile, and Hieronimo.

King. Now say Lord Generall, how fares our Campe?

Gen. All well (my soueraigne Liege) except some few,
That are deceast by fortune of the Warre.

King. But what pretends thy chearefull countenance,
And boasting to our presence thus in haste?
Speake man, hath Fortune giuen vs victorie?

Gen. Victory (my Liege) and that with little losse.

King. Our *Portingales* will pay vs Tribute then?

Gen. Tribute and wonted Homage there withall.

King. Then blest be Heaven, and guider of the Heavens,
From whose faire influence, such iustice flowes.

Cast. O multum de illo Deo, sibi militum labor,

Es conmarato curuato populo gentes

A 2

Succum

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Succession: with some other Discourses.

King. Thanks to my loving Brother of Castile.
But **Generall**, unfold in briefe Discourse
Your forme of Battaille, and your warres successe;
That adding all the pleasure of thy newes
Vnto the hight of former happinesse,
With deeper wage, and greater dignitie,
We may reward thy blisfull Chivalrie.

Gen. Where *Spain* and *Portingale* doe ioyntly knitte
Their Frontiers, leaning on each others Bound:
There mette our Armies in their proude aray:
Both furnisht well; both full of hope and feare:
Both menacing a like with daring Showes,
Both vaunting sundry Colours of deuice,
Both chearely sounding Trumpets, Drumet, and Fife:
Both rayfing dreadfull Clamors to the Skie,
That Vallies, Hilles, and Rivers, made rebound:
And Heaven it selfe was frighted with the sound.
Our Battailles both were pitch't in Squadron forme,
Each corner strongly fenc'd with wings of shot:
But ere w^e ioynd and came to push of Pike,
Ybrought a Squadron of the readiest Shot
From out our Rearward, to begin the fight;
They brought another Wing to encounter vs:
Meane while, our Ordinance played on either side,
And Captaines strone to haue their valour tride:
Don Pedro their chiefe Horsemen's Coronell,
Did with his Coronet brauely make attempt,
To breake the Order of our battaile rankes:
But *Don Rogers* worthy man of Warre,
Marcht toorth against him without Muskatiues,
And stoppe the malice of his fell approach,
While they maintaine hot Skirmish too and fro:
Both Battailles ioyne, and fall to handy blowes:
Their violent Shot resembling th' *Ocean* rage,
When roaring loud, and with a swelling tyde,
It beates vpon the rampires of huge Rocks,
And gapes to swallow neighbour bounding Landes:

Now.

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Now when *Bellona* rageth heere and there,
Thicke stormes of Bullets ran like Winters Haile,
And shiuered Launces, dark'd the troubled Ayre.

Pede Per, & cuspidæ cuspis,

Ami sumus ambo, vir petitorque uir.

On euery side dropt Captaines to the ground,
And Souldiers lie maimde, some flaine outright:
Heere fallcs a body sundred from his Head,
There Legs & Armes lie bleeding on the grasse,
Mingled with weapons, and vnbowd Stedies,
That scattering ouer-spread the purple Plaine.

In all this turmoyle threelong houres and more,
The Viſtorie to neither part inclinde,

Till *Dona* with his braue Launciers,

In this maine battaile made so great a breach,

That halfe dismayde, the multitude reuolde,

But *Balthazar* the *Portugall* young Prince,

Brought rescue and encourag'd them to stoy,

Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewd,

And in that Conflict was *Alonso* slaine:

Braue man at Armes; but weak to *Balthazar*:

Yet while the Prince insulting ouer him,

Breath'd out proud vaunts sounding to our trock,

Friendship and hardie valour ioynd in one,

Pickt forth *Horatio* our Knight-marshall Sonne,

To challenge forth that Prince to single fight:

Not long betwene these twaine the fight indur'd,

But straight the Prince was beaten from his Horse,

And forc'd to yeld him prisoner to his Foe,

When he was taken, all the rest they fled,

And our Carbines pursu'd them to death,

Till *Phobus*, waning to the Westerne deepe,

Our Trumpeters were charg'd to sound retreat.

King. Thankes good *Ed. Cornwall*, for these good newes,

And for some argument of more to come:

Take this, and woe it for thy Soueraignes sake.

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But tell me now, Hast thou confirm'd a peace?

Gen. No Peace (my Liege) but Peace conditional
That if with homage Tribute may be payde,
The furie of our forces will be staide:

And to that Peace, their *Gen.* hath subscribde,

Gen. And made a solemn Vow, that during life,
This Tribute shall be truly payde to *Spain.*

King. These words, these deedes, become thy person well.
But now Knight Marshall, scolicke with the King,
For tis thy Sonne that winnes that Barcel prize:

Hiero. Long may he live in such a Sovereigne Liege,
And soone decaye, vntill hee serueny Liege,

King. Nor thou, nor hee, shall die without reward.
What meanes this warning of the Trumpet sounde?

Gen. This tells me, that your Graces men of Warre
Such a warres fortune hath reserv'd from death,
Come marching on, as if they were royall Sene,
To show themselves before the battell of *Spain.*
For so I gave them charge at my departure,
Whereby by demonst^ration of my power,
That all these *Gen.* should be returned to my power,
Are safe return'd, and by their force recoverd his power.

King. A *Gen.* sight, I long to see them heere:

Was that the warlike Prince of *Portingall*,
That by our Nephew was in triumph led?

Gen. It was (my Liege) the Prince of *Portingall*,

King. But what was he that on the other side
Held him by th^rms, a captaine of the Prize?

Hiero. I have a Sonne (my gracious Sovereigne)
Of whome, though from a tender infancy,
My loving thought hath never hope but rather
Hec^r my heart with over-cloying toyes,

King.

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King. God let them march on, and meet about these Walls,
That staying them, we may confer and take
With our brave Patience, and his double Guard.
Hieronimo, it greatly pleases us,
That in our Victory thou hast a share.
By virtue of thy worthy Sonnes exploit,
Bring hither the young Prince of Portugal,
Thereft march on, but ere they be dismiss,
Wee will bestow on every Souldier two Duckets,
And on every Leader ten, that they may know
Our Largesse welcomes them. **Enter all the Duke, Lord of Castile,
Welcome Don Sebastian, Welcome Nephew:**
And thou **Hernando,** thou art welcome too:
Young Prince, although thy Father had misdeed,
In keeping back the I should have been
Defence but could not have done more.
Yet shalt thou know, that Spain is honourable.

Duke. The trespass that my Father made in Portugal
Is now controul'd by fortune of the Wars;
And Cards once dealt, is become a new Game.
Hieronimo mine, a great blessing to thee,
His Cullours, though a blot to his name,
His Sonnes death, I can give to his name,
These punishments may cleare his offence.

King. I thank you, the offence is done,
Our Peace will growe, and for our sakes,
Meane while, live on as though not in liberty,
Yet from hearing any more of this,
For in our hearing, thy death was requir'd,
And in our sight, thy death was requir'd.

Duke. And I shall give thee my grace.

King. But tell me, for their holding makes me doubt
To which of these two shall I give my grace?

Lore. To mee, my Lord.

Hernando. To mee, my Lord.

Lore. This hand first made the Cause for my Raine.

Hernando. But first my Lance did put him from his Raine.

Lore. I'll give him his Weapon, and enjoy it first.

Duke.

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King. But first I would have say his Weapons down.
King. Let go his arms upon our Priviledge **Don Alonzo.**
 So; worthy Prince, to whether side thou yeeldst?
Al. To him in curtesie: to this, perforce in violence.
 He spake me faire; this other gave me death: I was his life,
 He promised life, this other threatned death: I was his love,
 And truth to say, I yeeld my selfe to him, not to him selfe.
More. But that I know your Grace is just and wise, I woe
 And might seeme to be his side, I woe, I woe, I woe
 My tongue should speak for you, but I am dumb, I woe
 Hee hunted well, that was a Lion's death: I woe, I woe
 Not he that was a Garret, but he that was a King: I woe
 So Hares may pursue the Lion, by the Duke's keeping.
King. Content this time, but thou shalt knowe wrong
 And for thy sake, thy Sonne shall waite on right.
 Will both abide the centre of my doome?
Law. I can be better than your Grace awards.
Hor. Not I, I am not fit to be your Grace's sword.
King. This by my hand, you shall be both his life:
 You both deserve, but both shall live.
 Nephew, thou shalt have his Weapon and his Horse:
 His Weapon and his Horse, are thy reward.
 Horatio, thou shalt have his life, to yeeld.
 His Ransom thou shalt have, as thou shalt see.
 Appoynt the time, as thou shalt see.
 But Nephew, thou shalt have the Prince in good.
 For this offense, but thou shalt see a good.
 Horatio, thou shalt have his life, as thou shalt see.
 Yea, in regard of my Son's death, I woe, I woe
 And that thou shalt see, as thou shalt see.
 To him we yeeld the Arrow of the Prince's love.
 How like Don Balthazar of this Duke's love.
Al. Right well, my Liege, if thou provide me,
 That Don Horatio be not a companion of mine,
 Whom I admire, and love for Chastity.
King. I will, I will, I will, I will, I will, I will.

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Now let vs hence to see the Souldiers part, I stand in hand
And feast our Prisoners with our own good bread.

Enter Younger Spaniard, and Villano.

Vier. Is our Embassage dispatch for Spain?

Alex. Two dayes (my Liege) are past since his depart.

Vier. And what payment gaine along with him?

Alex. I my good Liege, a sword and a halberd.

Vier. Then rest we here awhile in our vexation.

And feed our sorrowes with some inward sighes,

Nor deepest sars breakt neuer into teares.

But wherefore sit I in this Regall throne,

It better fits a wretches endles moane?

Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,

And therefore better then my state deserves, *Falls to the ground*

I, I, this Earth Image of Melancholy.

Seeker him whom Peter aduised to misery,

Heere let me lie: now am I at the lowly.

Qui facit in terra, non habet quod timeat.

In me confusio mea fortuna secundo.

Nil superest mihi postquam obitu meo.

Yes, Fortune may bereave me of my Crowne,

Heere take it now, let Fortune do her worst.

She will not rob me of this fable weede:

O no, shee enuiet none but pleasant things.

Such is the folly of dispaighfull chance,

Fortune is blind, and sees not what shee doth.

So is the deafe, and heares not what shee sayes.

And could she heare, yet is shee willd and mad.

And therefore will not pity my distresse.

Suppose that shee could pitty me, what then?

What helpe can be expected when shee is gone?

Whose foote standing on a rowling stone,

And Minde more unstable then fishes windes.

Why waile I then where's hope of any redress?

O yes! complying with my griefe, come hither,

My late Ambition hath distord my Faith,

My breach of Faith occasion'd bloody Warres,

Those bloody Warres, have spent my Treasures,

And

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Where then became the Carhalls of my Sonnet?

Uillip. I have them dragg'd out in the Spanish Tragedy.

Uillip. I, my high-bred Don, have told me that.

Thou false, vaki'd, without fall traycous heart,

Wherewith had *Balthazar* offended thee?

That thou shouldst thus betray him to our force?

Was't *Spanish* Gold that blis'd to thine eyes?

That thou couldst see no part of our desert?

Perchance because thou art *Spanish* Lord?

Thou hadst some hope to wear the Diadem?

If first my Sonne, and then my selfe, were Raigner?

But thy ambitious thought shall break thy neck:

And this was it that made thee spill his blood.

He takes the Crown, and puts it on againe.

But now he wears it till thy blood be spild.

Alex. Vouchsafe (deare Soueraigne) to haue me speake.

Uillip. Away with him: his fight is second Hell:

Keepe him till we determine of his death.

If *Balthazar* be dead, he shall not live.

Uillip. follow vs for thy reward.

Uillip. Thus have I with an common forged thee.

Deceiv'd the King, betray'd my friends,

And hope for guerdon of my villanie.

Enter Horatio and Belshazzar.

Bel. Signior *Horatio*, this is the place, and hour,

Wherewith I must intreat thee to relate

The circumstance of *Don Alexanders* death.

Who living, was my *Carhalls* sweetest Flower,

And in his death, hath buried my delights.

Hor. For love of him, and service to your selfe,

He not refuse this dolorous heavy charge:

Yet teares and sighes (I feare) will hinder me.

When both our Armies were engag'd to fight,

Your worthy *Chauiliere* amidst the thickest

For glorious cause, still layning at the bayle.

Was at the last, by young *Don Roderigo*

Encountred hand to hand: their fight was long.

Their hearts were great, their clamours menacing:

B. S.

Their

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Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous;
But wrathfull *Nemesis*, that wicked power,
Enuying at *Andreas* prayle and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his prayle and worth;
She, she her selfe disguised in Armour's make,
(As *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus*)
Brought in fresh supply of Halberdiers,
Which pauncht his Horse, and dinged him to the ground;
Then young *Don Belimperia* with ruthlesse rage,
Taking advantage of his Foes distresse,
Did finish what his Halberdiers began,
And left not till *Andreas* life was done.
Then, (though too late) incast with iust remorse,
I with my Band, set forth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers.

Bel. Would thou hadst slaine him, that thue my Love:
But then, was *Don Andras* Carcasse lost.

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly stroue,
Nor slept I backe, till I recovered him:
I tooke him vp, and wound him in mine armes,
And welding him vnto my private Tent,
There layde him downe, and dawa him with my teares,
And sighd and sorrowed as became a friend;
But neither friendly sorrowes, sighes, nor teares,
Could win pale Death from his vsurped right,
Yet this I did, and lesse I could not doe:
I saw him honoured with the Funerall;
This Scarfe pluckt off from his rustlesse Arme,
And weare it in remembrance of my Friend.

Bel. I know the Scarfe, would I had kept it still;
For had he liued, he would haue kept it still;
And wore it for all *Belimperia* sake;
For twas my Faueur at this last depart:
But now weare it both for him and me;
For after him, thou hast deferred it best;
But for thy kindnesse in his life and death,
Be sure while *Belimperia* she endures,
She will be *Don Horatio* thankfull friend.

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Hor. And *(Madame)* *Don Horatio* will not flacke,
Humbly to serve faire *Balthazar*.

But now if your good liking stand thereto,
He craves your pardon to goe seek the Prince,
For so the Duke your Father gave me charge.

Bel. I goe *Horatio*, leave me here alone;
For solitude best fits my cheerlesse mood;
Yet what sayles to waile *And* your death,

From whence *Horatio* prooves my second Love;
Had he not loved *And* as he did,
He could not sit in *And* your thoughts,

But how can Love find harbour in my breast,
Till I revenge the death of my beloved;
Yes, second Love shall further my revenge;

He loves *Horatio* my *And* friend
The more, to fight the Prince that wrought his end;
And where *Don Balthazar*, that slew my Love,

Himselfe now pleades for saour at my hands,
He shall in rigour of my iust disdain
Reape long repentance of his murderous deed;

For what wast else, but my own cowardise,
So many to oppress one valiant Knight,
Without respect of Honour in the fight.

And heere he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lor. Sister, What means this melancholy walke?

Bel. That for a while I with no company.

Lor. But heere the Prince is come to visit you.

Bel. That argues that he liues at liberty.

Bel. No Madame, but in pleasing solitude.

Bel. Your Prison then (belike) is your Confinement.

Bel. I, by Conceipt my freedom is enshald.

Bel. Then with Conceipt enlarge your iust againe.

Bel. What if Conceipt haue layde my Heart to rage?

Bel. Pay that you borrow'd, and recover it.

Bel. I dielf it returne from whence it lies.

Bel. A heartlesse man, and liues a miracle.

Bel. I Lady, Love can worke such miracles.

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Lors. Tush, tush my Lord, let goe these ambages.
And in plaine rearmes, acquaint her with your love.

Bel. What bootes complaint, when there's no remedy.

Bal. Yes to your gracious selfe must I complain
In whose faine an' were, lyes my remedy:

On whose perfection, all my thought attend,

On whose aspect, mine eyes find beautier bower:

In whose translucent breastes, my heart is lodged.

Bel. Alasse (my Lord) these are but words of course,
And but beui'd to draw me from this place.

*Shee going in, lett fall her Glove which Horatio
comming out, takes it up.*

Hor. Madame, your Glove.

Bel. Thanks good Horatio take it for my paines.

Bal. Signior Horatio, keep it in happy time.

Hor. I tread more grace then I deserve, or hope.

Lor. My Lord, be not dismay'd for what is past.

You know that Women oft are humorous:

These Cloudes will once blow with little Windes.

Let mee alone, till scatter them away I see.

Meane while, serue to please to spend the time

In some delightfull sports and revellings.

Hor. The King (my Lord) is coming hither straight.

To see the Portuguese Ambassadors.

Things were in readiness before I came.

Bal. Then heere it is to attend the King.

To welcome hither our Ambassadors.

And learne my Father and my Country's health.

Enter the Banquet, Drummers, the King, and Embassadors.

King. See Lord Embassadors, how I intreat

Their Prisoners, to be sold to my joy.

Wee please more in kindnelle then in warres.

Emba. Said our King, and Portogall Ambassadors.

Supposing that Don Roderick is alive.

Bal. So am I haile by the sunne & byranny.

You see (my Lord) how Roderick is haile.

I frolicke with the Duke of Castile's Sonne.

Waspt every hower in pleasures of the Court.

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And grac'd with fauours of his Maieſty.

King. Put off your greetings till our Feaſt be done;
Now come and ſit with vs, and taſte our chere.

Sit to the Banquet.

Sit downe yong Prince, you are our ſecond Gueſt:

Brother ſit downe, and Nephew take your place:

Signior *Heraſio*, waight thou vpon our Cup,

For well thou haſt deſerued to be honoured.

Now Lordings fall eſ, *Spain* is *Portingale*,

And *Portingale* is *Spain*; we both are friends:

Tribute is payd, and we enioy our right.

But where is old *Hieronimo* our Maſtall,

He promiſed vs in honour of our Gueſt,

To grace our Banquet with ſome pompous feſt:

Enter Hieronimo with a Drumme, three Knights each with

Scutchion: there be ſix ſcutchions, three on each ſide

their Crownes and ſix ſcutchions

Hieronimo, this Maſke contents mine eye,

Although I found not with the myſtery.

Hier. The beſt armed Knight, that hung his Scutchion vp

He takes the Scutchion and giues it to the King.

Was Engliſh *Robert Earle of Glouceſter*,

Who when King *Stephen* bore ſway in *France*,

Arriued with ſiue and twenty thouſand men

In *Portingale*, and by ſucceſſe of Warre,

Enforced the King (then but a *Seruant*)

To beare the yoke of the *Engliſh Monarchie*.

King. My Lord of *Portingale*, by this you ſee,

That which may comfort both your King and you,

And make your late diſcomfort ſeeme the leſſe.

But ſay *Hieronimo*, What was the next?

Hier. The ſecond Knight that hung this Scutchion vp,

Hee doth as he did before.

Was *Edmond Earle of Kent* in *Albion*,

When Engliſh *Richard* wore the Diadem:

He came likewiſe and razed *Liſbon* walles,

And tooke the King of *Portingale* in fight:

For which, and other ſuch like ſeruice done,

C.

He

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He after, was created Duke of *York*.

King. This is an other speciall argument,
That *Portingale* may daime to beare our yoke,
When it by little *England* hath been yoked.
But now *Hieronymus*, what were the laſt?

Hiero. The third and laſt, nor leaſt in our account,
Doing as he did before.

Was (as the reſt) a valiant *Engliſh* man,
Braue *John of Gamm* the Duke of *Lancaster*,
As by his Scutcheon playnely may appeare,
He with a puſſant Army came to *Spain*,
And tooke our King of *Caſtile* priſoner.

Embaſ. This is an argument for our Viceroy,
That *Spain* may not inſult for her ſucceſſe,
Since *Engliſh* Warriours likewiſe conquered *Spain*,
And made them bow their knees to *Alfonſo*.

King. *Hieronymus* I drinke to thee for this device,
Which hath pleaſed both the Embaſſadour and me:
Pledge me *Hieronymus*, if thou loue the King.

My Lord, I feare we ſit but ouer-long,
Vnleſſe our Dainties were more delicate,
But welcome are you to the beſt we haue,
Now let vs in, that we may be diſpatcht,
I thinke our Counſell is already ſet.

Andru. Come we for this from depth of vnder ground,
To ſee him feaſt, that gave me my death wound:
Theſe pleaſant ſights are ſorrow to my ſoule,
Nothing but League, and Loue, and Banqueting?

Revenge. Be ſtill *Andru*, are we goe from hence,
He turne their Friendſhip into ſell Deſpight:
Their Loue to mortall Hate, their Day to Night:
Their Hope into Diſſaite, their Peace to Warre:
Their loyes to Paine, their Bliffe to Murther.

Alfonſo.

The Spanish Tragedie.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lorenzo.

MY Lord, though *Belimperis* seems thus coy,
Let Reason hold you in your wonted ioy:
In time, the savage Bull sustaines the Yoake:
In time, al haggard Hawkes will stoope to Lure:
In time, small Wedges cleaue the hardest Oake:
In time, the hardest Flint is piest with softest shower:
And she in time, will fall from her disdain,
And rule the sufferance of your friendly paine.

Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withall,
Then Beast, or Bird, or Tree, or stony Wall.
But wherefore blot I *Belimperis* name?
It is my fault, not she, that merites blame.
My feature is not to content her sight:
My Words are rude, and worke her no delight:
The lines I send her, are but harsh and ill,
Such as doe drop from *Paw* and *Masse* quill:
My Presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthlesse, all my labour's lost:
Yet might she loue me for my valiancies:
I, but that's flaundered by Captiuitie.
Yet might she loue me, to vntom her Sire:
I, but her Reason masters her desire.
Yet might she loue me, as her Brothers friend:
I, but her Hopes ayme at some other end.
Yet might she loue me, to vntom her state:
I, but perhaps she hopes some Nobler mate.
Yet might she loue me, as her Beauties thrall:
I, but I feare she can not loue at all.

Lor. My Lord, for my sake leaue these extasies:
And doubt not but weele find some remedies:
Some cause there is, that lets you not beloved:
First that must needs be knowne, and then remedied.
What if my Sister loue some other Knight?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Balt. My Summers day will turne to Winters night.

Lor. I haue already found a stratagem.

To sound the bottome of this doubtfull theame.

My Lord for once you shall be rul'd by me.

Hinder me not what ere you heare or see:

By force, or faire meanes, will I cast about,

To find the truth of all this Question out.

Ho, Pedringano!

Ped. Signiour?

Lor. *Vien qu'il te plait.* Enter *Pedringano.*

Ped. Hath your Lordship any service to command me?

Lor. I *Pedringano*, service of import.

And not to spend the time in trifling Words,

Thus stands the case. It is not long (thou knowest).

Since I did shield thee from my Fathers wrath,

For thy conueyance in *Andreas* loue:

For which, thou wert adiudged to punishment,

I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment:

And since, thou knowest how I haue fauoured thee:

Now to these fauours, will I adde reward,

Not with faire Wordes, but store of golden Coyne,

And Lands and Livings, ioynd with Dignities,

If thou but satisfie my iust demands:

Tell truth, and haue me for thy lasting Friend.

Pedr. What ere it be your Lordship shall demand.

My bounden duty, bid me tell the truth,

If case in me it lies to tell the truth.

Lor. Then *Pedringano*, this is my demand;

Whom loues my Sister *Belimperia*,

For she reposeth all her trust in thee?

Speake man, and gaine both friendship and reward?

I meane, Whom loues she in *Andreas* place?

Pedr. Alasse my Lord, since *Don Andreas* death,

I haue no credit with her, as before:

And therefore know not if she loue or no.

Lor. Nay if thou dally, then be ready for *Drum* his sword:

And feare shall force, what friendship cannot win.

Thy death shall bury what thy life concealeth.

Thou.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Thou diest for more esteeming her, then me.

Ped. Oh, stay my Lord.

Lor. Yet speake the truth, and I will guerdon thee;
And shield thee from what ever can ensue,
And will conceale what ere proceeds from thee:
But if thou dally once againe, thou diest.

Ped. If Madame *Belimperia* be in loue,

Lor. What villaine, ifs and ands?

Ped. Oh, stay my Lord! she loues *Horatio*.

Lor. What, *Don Horatio* our Knight-Marshal's sonne?
Balthazar *Martha* backe.

Ped. Euen him my Lord.

Lor. Now say, but how knowest thou that he is her loue,
And thou shalt find me kind and liberall;
Stand vp I say, and searelesse tell the truth.

Ped. She sent him Letters, which my selfe perused,
Full fraught with lines and arguments of loue,
Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar*.

Lor. Swear on this Crosse, that what thou sayest is true:
And that thou wilt conceale what thou hast told.

Ped. I sweare to both, by him that made vs all.

Lor. In hope thine Oath is true, heere's thy reward:
But if I proue thee periurd and vnjust,
This very Sword whereon thou took'st thine Oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

Ped. What I haue sayd is true, and shall for me:
Be still conceald from *Belimperia*:
Besides, your Honors liberality,
Deserues my dutious seruice, euen till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt doe for me:
Be watchfull when and where, these Louers meete,
And giue me notice in some secret sort.

Ped. I will my Lord.

Lor. Then shalt thou find that I am liberall:
Thou know'st that I can more aduance thy state,
Then she; be therefore wise, and sayle me not:
Goe and attend her, as thy custome is,
Least abience make her thinke thou dost amisse.

Exit Ped.

Why?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Why so? *Tam ardens, quam ignis.*
Where Wordes preuaile not, Violence preuaileth:
But Gold doth more then either of them both,
How likes Prince Balizar of this stratagem?

Bal. Both well, and ill: it make me glad and sad,
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my Loue;
Sad, that I feare she hates me whom I loue:
Glad, that I know en whom to be reuenged;
Sad, that sheele flie mee, if I take reuenge;

Yet must I take reuenge, or die my selfe:
For Loue reuenged, growes impatient.
I thinke *Horatio* be my destin'd plague:
First, in his hand he brandish'd a sword:

And with that sword, he fiercely waged warre,
And in that warre, he gaue me dangerous wounds,
And by those wounds, he forced me to yeeld:

And by my yeelding, I became his slave:
Now in his mouth he caries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words, doe harbour sweete conceits,

Which sweete conceits, smooth *Belimperias* Eares:
And through her Eares, doe dwine into her heart,
And in her heart lets him, where I should stand.

Thus hath he tane my body by his force,
And now by sleight, would captivate my Soule:
But in his fall, he tempt the Desfier,

And either loose my life, or win my Loue.

Lor. Lets goe (my Lord) your saying stayes Reuenge,
Doe you but follow me, and gaine your Leure,
Her fauour must be won by his remooue.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and Belimperias.

Hor. Now Madame, since by fauour of your loue,
Our hidden smoake is turn'd to open flame:

And that with lockes and words we feed our thoughts,
(Two chiefe contents, where more can not be had:

Thus in the midst of Loues faire blandishments,
Why shew you signe of inward languishments?

Pedringano brings all to the Prince and Lorenzo,
placing them in secretes.

Bol.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bel. My Heart (sweete Friend) is like a Ship at Sea,
She witheth Port, where ryding all are ease,
She may repaire what stormes times haue worne;
And leaning on the Shore, may sing with ioy,
That p^reaseure follow Paine, and Blisse Annoy,
Possession of thy Loue, is the onely Port,
Wherein my Heart with feares and hopes long tosse,
Each houre doth wish and long to make resort,
Thereon repaire the ioyes that it hath lost;
And sitting safe, to sing in *Cupid* Quire,
That sweetest blisse, is crowne of *Loues* desire.

Bel. and Lor. alone.

Bel. O sleepe mine Eyes, see not my Loue prophand;
Be deafe mine Eares, heare not my Discontent;
Die Heart, another toyes what thou deseruest.

Lor. Watch still mine Eyes, to see the soue displayd;
Heare still mine Eares, to heare them both lament;
Lease heart to ioy at fond *Horatio* fall.

Bel. Why stands *Horatio* speechlesse all this while?

Hor. The lesse I speake, the more I am disturbe.

Bel. But whereon chiefly dost thou meditate?

Hor. On Dangers past, and Pleasures to ensue.

Bel. On Pleasures past, and Dangers to ensue.

Bel. What Dangers and what Pleasures dost thou meane?

Hor. Dangers of Warre, and Pleasures of our Loue.

Lor. Dangers of Death, but Pleasures none at all.

Bel. Let Dangers goe, thy Warre shall be with mee.

But such a Warring, as breakes no bond of Peace.
Speake thou faire Words, Ile crosse them with faire words;
Send thou sweet Lookes, Ile meete them with sweet Lookes;
Write Iquing Lines, Ile answer louing lines;
Giue me a Kisse, Ile counter checke thy Kisse;
Be this our warring Peace, or peacefull warre.

Hor. But gracious Madams, then appoynt the Field,
Where triall of this warre shall first be made.

Bel. Ambitious villaine, how thy bouldnes grows.

Bel. Then by thy Fathers pleasure, the Field
Where first we voyde our mutual amitie;

The Spanish Tragedie.

The Court were dangerous, that places safe:
Our houre shall be, when *Desper* gins to rise,
That summons home distressfull travellers;
There none shall heare vs, but the harmelesse Birds;
Happily the gentle Nightingale
Shall carroll vs asleepe ere we be wake,
And singling with the prickle at her brest,
Tell our delight, and mirthfull dalliance,
Till then each houre will seeme a year and more.

Hor. But Hony sweet, and honorable Love,
Returne we now into your Fathers light,
Dangerous suspicion waites on our delight.

Lor. I danger mixt with ielous delight,
Shall send thy soule into eternall night.

Enter King of Spain, Paragale, Embassadour, Don Carrius, &c.

King. Brother of *Casile*, to the Prince, Ioue
What sayes your Daughter *Belimperia*?

Cas. Although she coy it, as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that she loves the Prince:
I doubt not I, but she will stoop in time,
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my aduice,
Which is, to loue him, or forgoe my loue.

King. Then Lord Embassadour of *Paragale*,
Aduise thy King to make this marriage vp,
For strengthening of our late confirmed League.

I know no better meanes to make vs friends,
Her Dowry shall be large and liberall:
Besides that, she is Daughter and halfe Heire
Vnto our Brother heere, *Don Carrius*.

And shall enioy the moone of his Land:
He grace her Marriage with an Vnckles gift:
And this it is (in case the match goe forward)
The Tribute which you pay, shall be relent:
And if by *Balthazar* she haue a Sonne,
He shall enioy the Kingdome after vs.

Embaf. He make the motion to our Soveraigne large,
And worke it, if my counsaile may preuaile.

King.

The Spanish Tragedie.

King. Doe so (my Lord,) and if he giue consent,
I hope his presence heere, will honour vs,
In celebration of the Nuptiall day,
And let himselfe determine of the time.

Em. Wilt please your Grace to command me ought beside

King. Commend me to the King; and so fare-well.
But where's Prince *Balthazar*, to take his leaue?

Emba. That is performde already, my good Lord.

King. Amongst the rest of what you haue in charge,
The Princes Ransome must not be forgot:

That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner;
And well his forwardnesse deserues reward:

It was *Horatio* our Knight-marshals sennce.

Emb. Betwene vs, ther's a price already pitcht,
And shall be sent with all convenient speed.

King. Then once againe fare-well, my Lord.

Emb. Fare-well my Lord of *Castile*, and the rest. *Exit.*

King. Now Brother, you must take some little paine,
To win faire *Belimperia* from her will:

Young Virgins must be ruled by their friends:

The Prince is amiable, and loues her well:

If she neglect him, and forgoe his loue,

She both will wrong her owne estate and ours,

Therefore while I doe entertaine the Prince,

With greatest pleasures that our Court affords,

Endenour you to win your Daughters thought:

If she giue backe, all this will come to nought. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, Belimperia, and Pedringano.

Hora. Now that the night begins with sable winges,

To ouer clowd the brightnesse of the Sunne,

And that in darknesse pleasures may be done:

Come *Belimperia*, let vs to the Bower,

And there in safetie passe a pleasant hower.

Bel. I follow thee my Loue, and will not backe,
Although my fainting heart controuleth my saule.

Hora. Why, make you doubt of *Pedringano* say this

Bel. No he is as trusty as my second selfe.

Goe *Pedringano*, watch without the Gate,

D.

The Spanish Tragedie

And let vs know if any make reproch.

Per. Instead of watching, He deserues more Gold,
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match.

Exit Per.

Hor. What meanes my Loue?

Bel. I know not what my selfe:

And yet my Heart foretels me some mischance.

Hor. Sweet, say not so: faire Fortune is our friend

And Heauen hath shant vp day, to pleasure vs:

The Starres (thou seest) hold backe their twinc kling shine,

And *Luna* hides her selfe, to pleasure vs.

Bel. Thou hast preuaild, He conquer my misdoubt,

And in thy loue and counsell, drowne my feare:

I feare no more, loue now is all my thoughts.

Why sit we not for pleasure asketh ease.

Hor. The more thou sittest within these leauie Bowers,

The more will *Flora* decke it with her Flowers.

Bel. I but if *Flora* spy *Horatio* heere,

Her ielous eye will thinke I sit too neere.

Hor. Hark Madam how the Birds record by night,

For ioy that *Belimperia* sits in sight.

Bel. No, *Cupid* counterfeites the Nightingale,

To frame sweet Musicke to *Horatio* tale.

Hor. If *Cupid* sing, then *Venus* is not farre,

I, thou art *Venus*, or some fairer Starre.

Bel. If I be *Venus* thou must needs be *Mars*,

And where *Mars* raigneth, there must needs be Warre:

Hor. Then thus begin our Warres, put forth thy hand,

That it may combat with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set forth thy foote, to try the push of mine,

Hor. But first my lookes shall Combate against thine.

Bel. Then ward thy selfe, I dart this Kisse at thee.

Hor. I thus I returne the Dart thou throwst at mee.

Bel. Nay, then to gaine the glory of the Field,

My twining Armes shall yoke and make thee yeeld.

Hor. Nay, then my Armes, as large and strong withall:

Thus Elmes by Vines are compass, till they fall.

Bel. O let me gaze for in my troubled eyes,

Now mayst thou read, that life in passion dyes.

Hor.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hor. O stay awhile, and I will die with thee,
So shalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquered mee.

Bel. Who's there, *Pedringano*? We are betrayde.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cerberus, Pedringano disguised,
Lor. My Lord, away with her. *Take her aside.*

O fir, forbear; your valour is already tride,
Quickly dispatch my maisters. *They hang him in the Arbour.*

Her. What, will yee murder mee?

Lor. I thus, & thus, these are the fruits of loue. *They stab him*

Bel. O saue his life and let me die for him:

O saue him Brother, saue him *Balthazar* :

I loued *Horatio*, but he loued not mee.

Bal. But *Balthazar* loues *Belimperia*.

Lor. Although his life were ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the hig best, now he is dead.

Bel. Murder, murder, helpe *Hieronimo*, helpe.

Lor. Come, stop her mouth: away with her. *Exeunt*

Enter Hieronimo in his Shirts.

Hiero. What out-cry calls me from my naked Bed,
And chills my throbbing heart with trembling feare,
Which neuer danger yet could daunt before?

Who calls *Hieronimo*; speake heere I am.

I did not slumber, therefore I was no Dreame.

No, no, it was some woman cride for helpe,

And heere within the Garden did she cry,

And in this Garden must I rescue her.

But stay, what murderous spectacle is this?

A man hang'd vp, and all the Murderers gone;

And in my Bower, to lay the guilt on mee?

This place was made for Pleasure, not for Death,

He cuts him downe.

Those Garments that he weares, I oft haue seene:

Alasse, it is *Horatio* my sweete Sonne:

O no, but he that who whilome was my Sonne:

Oh was it thou that call'dst me from my Bed,

Oh speake, if any sparke of life remaine:

I am thy Father, Who hath slaine my Sonne?

What sauge Monster, not of humane kind,

D₂

Here

The Spanish Tragedie.

Heere hath beene glutted with thy harmelesse blood,
And lest thy bloody Corps dishonoured heere
For me amidst this darke and deathfull shades,
To drowne thee with an Ocean of my Teares?
Oh Heavens, why made you night to couer sinne?
By day, this deed of darkenesse had not been,
Oh Earth, why didst thou not in time deuower,
The vile prophaner of this sacred Bower.
Oh poore *Horatio*, what hadst thou misdone,
To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?
Oh wicked Burcher, what so ere thou wert,
How could'st thou strangle Virtue and Desert?
Aye mee most wretched, that haue lost my ioy,
In leeling my *Horatio* my sweet boy.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. My Husbands abience, makes my heart to throb,

Hieronimo!

Hiero. Heere *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,
For sighs are stopr, and all my teares are spent.

Isa. What world of griefe? my sonne *Horatio*,
Oh where's the author of this endlesse woe?

Hiero. To know the author, were some ease of griefe,
For in reuenge, my heart would find reliefe.

Isa. Then is he gone? and is my Sonne gone too?
Oh gush out teares, fountaines and floods, of teares:
Blow sighes, and raise an euerlasting storme,
For outrage fits our cursed wretchednesse.
Aye mee *Hieronimo*, sweet Husband speake.

Hiero. Hee supr with vs to night frolicke and merrie,
And said, he would goe visit *Balthazar*
At the Dukes Pallace: there the Prince doth lodge.
He had no custome to stay out so late,
Hee may be in his Chamber; some goe see. *Rodrigo Ho.*

Enter Pedro, and Iaques.

Isa. Aye mee, he raues: sweete *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. True all *Spaine* takes note of it.
Besides, he is so generally beloued,
His Maestie the other day did grace him.

Exit.

The Spanish Tragedie.

With waighting on his Cup; these be fauours,
Which doe assure me that he cannot be short liued.

Isa Sweet *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. I wonder how this fellow got his Clothes:
Sirha, sirha. He know the truth of all:

Iaques. run to the Duke of *Castile* present'y,
And bid my sonne *Horatio* to come home,
I, and his Mother, haue had strange Dreames to night:
Doe you heare me sir? *Iaques*. I sir.

Hiero. Well sir, begon: *Pedro*, come hither,
Knowest thou who this is?

Ped. Too well sir.

Hiero. Too well, who? who is it? peace *Isabella*.
Nay blush not man.

Ped. It is my Lord *Horatio*.

Hiero. Ha, ha, Saint *Iames*, but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded then my selfe.

Ped. Deluded?

Hiero. I, I would haue sworne my selfe within this houre,
That this had been my Sonne *Horatio*,
His Garments are so liket ha are they not great perswasions?

Isa. O would to God it were not so.

Hiero. Were not *Isabella*? Doest thou dreams it is?
Can thy soft bosome entertaine a thought,
That such a blacke deed of mischief should be done,
On one so pure and spotlesse as our Sonne,
A way, I am ashamed.

Isa. Deare *Hieronimo*, cast a more serious eye vpon thy griefe:
Weake apprehension gives but weake belife.

Hiero. It was a man sure that was hanged vp heere,
A Youth as I remember: I cut him downe:
If it should proue my Sonne now after all,
Say you say you: light, lend me a Taper,
Let me looke againe.

O God! confusion, mischief, torment, death and Hell;
Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosome,
That now is stiffe with horrour, kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me thou insect in night.

D

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And drop this seed of Murder downe on me;
Gird in my waist of griefe, with thy large darknesse
And let me not serue, to see the light,
May put me in the minde I had a Sonne.

Isa. O sweet *Horatio*, O my dearest Sonne.

Hiero. How strangely had I lost my way to griefe,
Sweet lovely Rose, ill pluckt before thy time.
Faire worthy Sonne, not conquered but betrayde:
He kisse thee now, for words with teares are stayde.

Isa. And He close vp the Glasses of his sight,
For once these Eyes were onely my delight.

Hiero. Seest thou this Hand-kircher besmeared with blood?
It shall not from me, till I take revenge,
Seest thou these Wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?
He not intombe them till I haue reueng'd:
Then will I ioy amidst my discontent,
Till then, my sorrowes neuer shall be spent.

Isa. The Heauens are iust, murder can not be hid:
Time is the author both of truth and Right:
And Time will bring this treacherie to light.

Hiero. Meane while, good *Isabella*, cease thy plaintes,
Or at the least, dissemble them awhile:
So shall we sooner finde the practise out,
And learne by whom all this was brought about,
Come *Isabella*, now let's take him vp, *They take him vp.*
And beare him in, from out this cursed place:
He say his Dirge, singing fits on this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum erit educat herbas,

Hieronimo setis bisbrexi vno his Sword.

Misceat & nostro detur medicina dolori:

Aut si quis faciens animum obliuiscit sucor,

Prebeat, ipse motum magnam quicumque per orbem,

Gramina Sol pulchrum efficit in luminis oras,

Ipse bibam quicquid medietur saga veneni,

Quicquid & iram emecet a membra nullis.

Omnia per patiet, letum quoque dum semel omnis,

Noster in extinto morietur pectore sensus:

Ergo tuas oculos nunquam (vaga vita) videbo,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Et tua perpetuas sequitur lumina foveas.
Emor ira tecum sic. Sic iussu tuo sub umbras,
Attamen ab fissam prope cedere letum,
Ne mortem videret tuam iam nulla sequatur.
 Heere heere howes is from him, and beares the body away.

Andrea.

Broughtst thou me hither, to increase my paine:
 I lookt that *Balthazar* should haue been slaine:
 But tis my friend *Horatio* that is slaine,
 And they abuse faire *Belimperia*,
 On whom I doted more then all the world,
 Because she loued me more then all the world.

Renengo.

Thou talkest of the haruest, when the Corne is greene,
 The end is growne of euery worke well done:
 The Sickle comes not till the Corne be ripe.
 Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,
 Ile shew thee *Balthazar* in heauie case.

ACTVS TERCIVS.

Enter Viceroy of Portugale, Nobles, Alexandro, Villuppo.

Vice. **I**N fortunate condition of Kings,
 Seated amidst so many helples doubts:
 First, we are plac'd vpon extremest highs,
 And oft subplanted with exceeding hate:
 But euer subiect to the wheele of Chaunce,
 And at our highest, neuerioy we so,
 As we both doubt and dread our ouerthrow.
 So striueth not the waues with sundry Windes,
 As Fortune toyleth in the assayes of Kings,
 That would be feard, yet feare to be beloued,
 Sith feare, or loue, to Kings, is flatterie:
 For Instance (Lordsings) looke vpon our King,
 By hate, deprived of his dearest Sonne,
 The onely hope of our successiue liues.

Nob. I had not thought that *Alexandro*'s heart,
 Had been inuengomde with such extreme hate

But

The Spanish Tragedie

But now I see, that words haue severall workes,
And there's no credit in the countenance.

Vil. No, for (my Lord) had you behelde the traine,
That fained love had coloured in his lookes,
When he in Campe, comforted *Balibazar*,
Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,
That hourly coastes the Centre of the Earth,
Then *Alexandros* purpose to the Prince.

Vice. No more, *Villuppo*, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words, thou slayest our wounded thoughts:
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating *Alexandros* death:
Goe some of you and fetch the Traytor forth,
That as he is condemned, he my die.

Enter Alexandro, with a Noble-man, and Halberts.

Nobl. In such extreames, will nought but patience serue.

Alex. But in extreames, what patience shall I vse?
Nor discounts it mee to leaue the world,
With whom there nothing can preuaile but wrong.

Nobl. Yet hope the best.

Alex. Tis Heaven is my hope,
As for the Earth, it is too much infected,
To yeeld me hope of any of her mould.

Vice. Why linger yee? bring forth that daring fiend,
And let him die for his accursed deed.

Alex. Not that I feare the extremitie of death,
(For Nobles can not stoop to seruile feare)
Doe I (O King) thus discontented liue.

But this, O this, tormentes my labouring soule,
That thus I die suspected of a sinne,

Whereof, as Heavens haue knowne my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.

Vice. No more I say; to the tortures, when?
Binde him, and burne his body in those Flames.

They bind him to the stake.

That shall prefigure those vnaquenched fires
Of *Phlegion*, prepared for his soule.

Alex. My guiltlesse death will be aeng'd on thee,

The Spanish Tragedie.

On thee *Villuppo*, that hath malic'd thus,
Or of thy need, hast falsely me accus'd.

Vil. Nay *Alexandro*, if thou menaceme,
Ile lend a hand to send thee to the Lake
Where those thy Words shall perisht with thy Workes:
Iniurious Traytor, monstrous homicide.

Enter Embassador.

Em. Stay, held awhile; &c. (here with pardon of his Maiesty)
Lay hands vpon *Villuppo*. (trance)

Vice. Embassador, what newes hath vrg'd this sodaine en-

Em. Know Soueraigne: I, that *Balthazar* doth liue.

Vice. What sayst thou; liueth *Balthazar* our Sonne?

Emb. Your highnesse Sonne *L. Balthazar* doth liue,
And well intreated in the Court of *Spaine*:
Humbly commendes him to your Maiestie:
These eyes beheld, and these my followers,
With these the Letters of the Kings commende,

Gives him Letters.

Are happy witnesse of his Highnesse health.

The King looks on the Letters, and proceeds.

Vice. Thy Sonne doth liue, your Tribute is receiv'd:

Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied:

The rest resolve vpon, as things propos'd,

For both our honours, and thy benefite.

Emb. These are his Highnesse further Articles.

He gives him more Letters.

Vice. Accursed wretch, to intinate these illes
Against the life and reputation

Of noble *Alexandro*: Come my Lord, vnbind him:

Let him vnbind thee, that is bound to death,

To make a quitall for thy discontent.

They vnbind him.

Alex. Dread Lord, in kindnesse you could doe no lesse,
Vpon report of such a damned fact:

But, thus wee see our innocencie hath saued

The hopelesse life which thou *Villuppo* sought

By thy suggestions to haue massacred.

Vice. Say false *Villuppo*, wherefore didst thou thus,

E.

Falsely

The Spanish Tragedie.

Falsely betrayd Lord *Alexandros* life;
Him whom thou knowest, that no vnkindnesse else,
But euen the slaughter of our dearest Sonne,
Could once haue moued vs, to haue misconceiued.

Alex. Say (treacherous *Lillipus*) tell the King:
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* vsed thee ill?

Al. Rent with remembrance of so foule a deed,
My guiltfull soule submits me to thy doome:
For, not for *Alexandroes* iniuries,
But for reward, and hope to be prefer'd:
Thus haue I shamelesly hazarded his life.

Vice. Which villaine: shall be ransomed with thy death,
And not to meane a torment as we heere
Deuis'd for him, who thou sayd'st slew our Sonne:
But with the bitterst torments and extremes,
That may be yet inuented for thine end: *Alex* seemes to intreat.
Intreat me not, goe take the traitor hence: *Exit Vill.*

And *Alexandro*, let vs honour thee,
With publique notis of thy loyaltie,
To end those thinges articulated heere,
By our great L. the mighty King of *Spain*,
Wee with our Counsell will deliberat,
Come *Alexandro*, keepe vs companie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo.

Hie. Oh eyes! no eyes, but Fountaines fraught with teares
Oh life! no life, but lively forme of death:
Oh world! no world, but masse of publique wrongs,
Confus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds:
Oh sacred Heaven! if this vnhalloved deed,
If this inhumane and barbarous attempt,
If this incomperable Murder thus,
Of mine, but now no more my Sonne,
Shall vntucaled and vnreueged passe,
How should we tearme your dealings to be iust,
If you vniustly deale with those that in your iustice trust?
The night, sad secretary to my moanes,
With direfull Visions, wake my vexed soule;
And with the Wounds of my distressfull Sonne,

Solicite

The Spanish Tragedie.

Solicite me, for notice of his death.

The ougly Feends doe fall to foorth of Hell,

And frame my steppes to vnfrequented pathes,

And feare my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts,

The cloudy Day, my Discontent recorder,

Early begins to register my Dreames,

And driue me foorth to seeke the Murderer.

Eyes, Life, World, Heavens, Hell, Night, and Day,

See, search, shew, find some man,

Some meane that may,

A Letter followeth.

What's heere, a Letter? tush, it is not for

A Letter written to Hieronimo.

Red Incke.

For want of Incke, receive this bloody Write.

Me hath my haplesse Brother bid from thee:

Revenge thy selfe on Balthazar and him:

For those were they that murdered thy Sonne:

Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death,

And better farre then Belimperia doth.

What meanes this vnexpected Miracle?

My Sonne slaine by Lorenzo, and the Prince:

What cause had they Horatio to maligne?

Or what might mooue thee Belimperia,

To accuse thy Brother? Had hee been the meane?

Hieronimo beware, thou art betrayde:

And to intrap thy life, this traine is layde:

Aduise thee therefore, be not credulous,

This is deuised to endanger thee,

That thou by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse,

And he for thy dishonour done, should draw

Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.

Deare was the life of my beloued Sonne,

And of his death, behooues me be reueng'd:

Then hazard not thine owne, Hieronimo,

But liue to effect thy resolution:

I therefore will by circumstance try,

What I can gather, to confirme this writ,

And harken neere the Duke of Castile's house,

Close, if I can, with Belimperia.

En

Te

The Spanish Tragedie,

To lisen more, but nothing to bewray.

Enter Pedringano,

Hiero. Now *Pedringano*.

Ped. Now *Hieronimo*.

Hier. Where's thy Lady?

Ped. I know not, here's my Lord,

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now, Who's this, *Hieronimo*?

Hier. My Lord.

Ped. He asketh for my Lady *Belimperia*.

Lor. What to do, *Hieronimo*? The Duke my Father hath
Vpon some disgrace, a while remooued her hence:

But if it be ought, I may informe her off,

Tell me *Hieronimo*, and Ile let her know it.

Hier. Nay, Nay, (my Lord) I thanke you, it shall not need,
I had a shute vnto her but too late,
And her disgrace makes me vnfortunate.

Lor. Why so *Hieronimo*? vsame,

Hier. Who you, my Lord?
I refuse your fauour for a greater honour.
This is a very toy, my Lord, atoy.

Lor. All's one *Hieronimo*, acquaint me with it.

Hier. Y' sayth my Lord; tis an idle thing; I must confesse,
I ha been too slacke, too tardie, to remisse, vnto your Honor.

Lor. How now *Hieronimo*?

Hier. In troth my Lord, it is a thing of nothing;
The murder of a Sonne, or for that matter,
A thing of nothing, my Lord.

Lor. Why then farewell.

Hiero. My griefe no hart, my thought no toung can tell.

Lor. Come hither *Pedringano*; seest thou this? *(Exit.)*

Ped. My Lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damned Villaine *Serberine*,
That hath (I feare) reueal'd *Horatio*'s death.

Ped. My Lord, he could not, twas so lately done,
And since, he hath not left my companie,

Lor. Admit he haue not, his condition's such,
As feare, or flattering words, may make him false.

The Spanish Tragedie.

I know his humour, and therewith repent
That ere I vs'd him in this enterprize.
But *Pedringano*, to preuent the worst,
And cause I know thee secret as my soule,
Heere, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this.

Gives him more Gold.

And harken to me; Thus it is: disguis'd,
This night thou must (and pre'three so resolute)
Meete *Serberine* at *S. Luges Parke*:
Thou know'st tis here hard by behind the house,
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure,
For die he must, if we doe meane to liue.

Ped. But how? shall *Serberine* be there, my Lord?

Lor. Let mee alone, Ile send to him to meete
The Prince and mee, where thou must doe this deed.

Ped. It shall be done, my Lord, it shall be done,
And Ile goe arme my selfe to meete him there.

Lor. When things shall alter, (as I hope they will)
Then shalt thou mount for this: thou know'st my minde.

Chi le seron.

Exit Pedringano.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord?

Lor. Goe sirra, to *Serberine*, and bid him soorthwith
Meete the Prince and me at *S. Luges Parke*,
Behind the house, this evening, Boy.

Page. I goe my Lord.

Lor. But sirra, let the houre be eight a clocke:
Bid him not faile.

Page. I flie, my Lord.

Exit.

Lor. Now to confirme the complot thou hast cast,
Of all these practises, Ile spread the Watch,
Vpon precise commandement from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*
This night shall murder haples *Serberine*.
This must we worke, that will aveyde distrust,
Thus must we practise to preuent mishap.
And thus one ill, an other must expulse.
This sly inquirie of *Hieronimo* for *Belimperia*, breeds suspicion.

E 3

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And this suspicion, boades a further ill.
As for my selfe, I know my secret fault,
And so doe they; but I haue delt for them:
They that for Coyne their soules endangered,
To saue my life; for Coyne shall venture theirs:
And better tis that base companions die,
Then by their life, to hazard our good haps;
Nor shall they liue; for me to feare their fayth:
He trust my selfe, my selfe shall be my friend:
For die they shall; slaves are ordaind for no other end. *Exit.*

Enter Pedringano with a Pistoll.

Ped. Now *Pedringano*, bid thy Pistoll hold,
And hold on Fortune, once more fauour mee,
Giue but successe to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine ayme:
Here is the Gold, this is the Gold proposd,
It is no Dreame that I aduenture for,
But *Pedringano* is possesse thereof;
And he that would not straine his Conscience
For him, that thus his liberall Purse hath stretcht,
Vnworthy such a fauor may he sayle;
And wishing, want, when such as I preuaile:
As for the feare of apprehension,
I know (if need should be) my noble Lord
Will stand betweene mee and insuing harmes:
Besides this place is free from all suspect,
Heere therefore will I stay, and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

- 1 I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus expressely charge'd to watch;
- 2 Tis by commandement in the Kings owne name,
- 3 But we were neuer wont to watch nor ward,
So neere the Duke his house before.
- 4 Content your selfe, stand close, there's some what in't.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Heere *Serberine*, attend and stay thy pace,
For heere did *Don Lorenzo*es Page appoynt,
That thou by his command shouldst mee'te with him:

How

The Spanish Tragedie.

How fit a place, if one were so disposed,
Meethinkes this corner is to close with one.

Ped. Heere comes the Bird that I must ceaze vpon;
Now *Pedringano* or neuer, play the man.

Ser. I wonder that his Lordship stayer so long,
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

Ped. For this *Serberine*, & then shalt ha't: *Shoots the Dag.*
So, there he lies; my promise is performde.

The Watch.

1 Harke Gentlemen, this is a Pistoll shot.

2 And heer's one slaine; stay the Murderer.

Ped. Now by the sorrowes of the soules in Hell,

Hee strimes with the Watch.

Who first layes hold on me, Ile be his Priest.

3 Sirra confesse (and therein play the Priest)
Why hast thou thus vnkindly kild the man?

Ped. Why? because he walk'd abroad so late.

3 Come sir, you had been better kept your Bed,
Then haue committed this misdeed so late.

2 Come, to the Marshall with the Murderer.

1 On to *Hieronimo*: helpe me heere
To bring the murdered body with vs too.

Ped. *Hieronimo*? Carry me before whom you will,
What ere he bee, Ile answere him and you,
And doe your worst, for I desie you all.

Exeunt.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Bal. How now my Lord, what makes you rise so soone?

Lor. Feare of preuenting our mishaps too late.

Bal. What mischief is it that we now mistrust?

Lor. Our greatest illes we least mistrust (my Lord)
And in expected harmes, doe hurt vs most.

Bal. Why, tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,
If ought concerns our Honour, and your owne?

Lor. Not you, nor mee (my Lord) but both in one:
For I suspect, and the presumption's great;
That by those base confederats in our fault
Touching the death of *Don Horatio*,
We are betrayde to old *Hieronimo*.

Bal.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bal. Betrayde, *Lorenzo*: tuff it cannot be,

Lor. A guiltie Conscience, vrged with the thought
Of former euils, easily cannot erre:

I am perswaded, and dissuade me not,

That all's reueal'd to *Hieronimo*,

And therefore know, that I haue cast it thus. *Enter Page.*

But here's the *Page*, How now, what newes with thee?

Page. My Lord *Serberine* is slaine.

Bal. Who, *Serberine* my man?

Page. Your Highnesse man, my Lord.

Lor. Speake *Page*, who murdered him?

Page. Hee that is apprehended for the fact.

Lor. Who?

Page. *Pedringano*,

Bal. I, *Serberine* slaine, that loned his Lord so wel
Iniurions Villaine, murderer of his Friend.

Lor. Hath *Pedringano* murdered *Serberine*?

My Lord, let me intreat you to take the paines

To exasperate and hasten his reuenge,

With your complaints vnto my Lord the King,

This their dissention, breedes a greater doubt.

Bal. Assure thee *Don Lorenzo*, he shall die,

Or else his Highnesse hardly shall denie.

Meane while, Ile haue the Marshall Sessions:

For die he shal for this his damned deed. *Exit Bal.*

Lor. Why so; this fits our former pollicie,

And thus experience bids the wise to deale:

Play the plot, he prosecutes the poynt:

I set the trap, he breakes the worthles twigs,

And sees not that wherewith the Bird was limde.

Thus hopeful men that meane to hold their owne

Must looke like Fawlers, to their dearest friends;

Hee runnes to kill, whom I haue holpe to catch,

And no man knowes it was my reaching fatch;

Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,

Or any one (in mine opinion)

When men themselues their secrets will reueale,

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter a Messenger with a Letter.

Lor. Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Lor. What's hee?

Mes. I haue a Letter to your Lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mes. From *Pedringano*, that's unpriſoned.

Lor. So he is unpriſoned then?

Mes. I my good Lord.

Lor. What would he with vs?

He writes vs heere, *To ſee and ſpeak to, and he ſhall himſelf diſpoſe of.*

Tell him, I haue his letters, know his minde,

And what we may let him allure him of.

Fellow begun, my Boy ſhall follow thee.

This worke like Waxe, yet once more try thy Wits,

Boy goe, convey this Purſe to *Pedringano*.

Thou knoweſt the Priſon, cloſely giue it him,

And be aduiſed that none be there about:

Bid him be merry ſtill, but ſecret,

And though the Marſhalls ſeſſions be to day,

Bid him not doubt of his deliuey.

Tell him, his Pardon is already ſigne:

And thereon bid him boldly be reſolute:

For were he ready to be turn'd off,

(As many will the yitermoſt be tride)

Thou with his Pardon, ſhalt amend him ſtill.

Shew him this Box, tell him, his Pardons in't.

But open't not, and if thou loueſt thy life:

But let him wiſely keepe his hopes unknowne.

He ſhall not want while *Don Lorenzo* liues: away.

Page. I goe, (my Lord) I runne.

Lor. But firra, ſee that this be cleanly done.

Now ſtands our fortune on ſuch a poyn,

And now, or neuer, and *Lorenzo* doubts:

One onely thing is vnaffected yet,

And that's to ſee the Executioner,

But to what end? Liſt not truſt the Ayre,

With vtterance of our pretence therein.

E.

For

The Spanish Tragedie.

For feare the priuie whisling of the Winde,
Conuey our words amongst vntfriendly eares,
That lie too open to aduantages.

Et quelque vogue il ne s'en le sa,

Intendo io quel mi bastera.

Enter Boy with the Box.

Boy. My Maister hath forbidden mee to looke in this Box; and by my honesty tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not haue had so much idle time: for wee Men-kind in our minoritie, are like women in their vicietines; that, they are most forbidden, they will most attempt: so I now. By my bare credite, here's nothing but the bare antic Box: were it not sinne against Secrecy, I would say, it were a peece of Gentleman-like knauerie: I must go to *Pedringano* and tell him: his Pardon is in this Box; nay I would haue sworne it, had I not seene the contrary. I can not choise but smile, to thinke, how the villaine will flout the Gallows, scorne the Audience, and descant on the Hang-man; and all presuming of his Pardon from hence. Will not be an odd iest, for me to stand and grace euery iest he makes, paynting my finger at this Box, as who should say, mocke on, heere's thy Warrant? Ist not a scurvie iest, that a man should iest himselfe to death? Alas poore *Pedringano*, I am in a fort sorry for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I could not weepe. *Exit.*

Enter Hieronimo, and the Deputie.

Hier. Thus must we toyle in other mens extremes,
That know not how to remedie our owne;
And doe them iustice, when vniustly wee,
For all our wrongs; can compasse no redresse,
But shall I neuer liue to see the day,
That I may come by Iustice (of the Heauens)
To know the cause, that may my cares alay?
This toyles my body, this consumeth Age,
That onely I, to all men iust must bee,
And neither Gods nor Men, be iust to mee.

Deputie. Worthy *Hieronimo*, your Office asks
A care to punish such as doe transgresse.

Hier. So ist my dutie to regard his death,
Who

The Spanish Tragedie.

Who when heliued, deserued my dearest blood,
But come for that we came for; let's begin
For heere lies that, which bids mee to begone.

*Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano with a Letter
in his hand bound.*

Depu. Bring forth the Prisoner, for the Court is set.

Pedr. Gramercie Boy: but it was time to come.
For I had written to my Lord a new
A neerer matter that concerneth him,
For feare his Lordship had forgotten mee:
But sith he hath remembered me so well,
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this geare?

Hiero. Stand forth thou Monster, murderer of men,
And heere for satisfaction of the world.
Confesse thy folly, and repeat thy faults;
For there's the place of execution.

Pedr. This is short worke: well, to your Marshalship.
First, I confesse, (nor feare I death therefore)
I am the man, 'twas I slew *Serberino*.
But sir, then you thinke this shall be the place
Where we shall satisfie you for this geare?

Depu. 1. Pedringano.

Pedr. No, I thinke not so.

Hiero. Peace impudent, for thou shalt finde it so,
For blood with blood, shall (while I sit as Iudge)
Be satisfied, and the Law discharge.
And though my selfe can not receive the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.
Dispatch, the fault approued, and confesse
And by our Law he is condemn'd to die. *Enter Hangman.*

Hang. Come on sir, are you ready?

Pedr. To doe what my fustitious name?

Hang. To goe to this geare.

Pedr. O sir, you are too forward; thou wouldst faine furni-
sh me with a halter, to disfurnish mee of my Habite:
So I should goe out of this geare my Raiment into that geare
the Rope:

But Hang-man, now I spie your maner, it is not change

The Spanish Tragedie.

without boot, that's flat.

Hang. Come in.

Pedr. So then I am a vp?

Hang. No remedie.

Pedr. Yes, but there shall be for coming downe.

Hang. Indeed heere's a remedie for that.

Pedr. How, to be turned off?

Hang. I truly, Come, are you ready?

I pray you fir dispatch, the day goes away.

Pedr. What, doe you hang by the houre? if you doe, I may
chance to breake your old custome.

Hang. Fayth you haue no reason, for I am like to breake
your young necke.

Pedr. Doeſt thou mocke mee, Hang-man? pray God I
be not preſerued to breake your knaues pate for this.

Hang. Alas fir, you are a foote too low to reach it: and I
hope you will neuer grow to high, whils I am in the Office.

Pedr. Sirra, doeſt ſee yonder Boy with the box in his hand?

Hang. What, he that poynts to it with his finger?

Pedr. I, that companion.

Hang. I know him not, but what of him?

Pedr. Doeſt thou thinke to liue in his old Doublet will
make thee a new Truſſe?

Hang. I, and many a faire yeare after, to truſſe vp many an
honeſter man then either thou, or hee.

Pedr. What hath he in his Box as thou thinkeſt?

Hang. Fayth, I cannot ſee, nor I care not greatly, but
mee thinkeſ you ſhould rather paken to your ſoule, than by

Pedr. Why fir a Hang-man, take it, that that is good for
the body, is likewise good for the ſoule: and it may be, in
that Box is Balme for both.

Hang. Well, thou art gone the merriest peeces of Man-
ſhe that ere grond at my Office doore.

Pedr. I, your cogarie become an office with a knaues name?

Hang. And that ſhall all they witneſſe, that ſee you ſeale it
With I keepe your name.

Pedr. I prethee, requett this good company to pray for me.

Hang. I marry fir, this is a good motion: my Maſters, you
ſee

The Spanish Tragedie.

see heere's a good fellow.

Pedr. Nay, nay, now I remember mee, let them alone till some other time; for now I have no great need.

Hiero. I have not seen a wretch so impudent. O monstrous times, where Murder's set to light, And where the Soule, that should be shrind in Heavens, Solely delights in interdicted things, Still wandering in the thornie passages, That intercepts it selfe of happinesse.

Murder, O bloody monster, God forbid, A fault so foule, should scape unpunished.

Disparcell and see the execution done, This makes me to remember thee my Sonne.

Pedr. Nay fast, no haste.

Depu. Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life?

Pedr. Why I know not.

Heng. As how?

Pedr. Why Rascall? by my pardon from the King.

Heng. Stand by you on that when you shall off with this.

Depu. So Executioner, convey him hence.

But let his body be buried.

Let not the Earth be choaked.

With that, which Heaven contemnes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hiero. Where shall I turne to breath abroad my woe,

My woes, whose weight hath weigh'd the Earth.

Or mine Exclaimes, that have suffic'd the Ayre;

With ceaselesse Plaints, for my detested Sonnes.

The blustering Winds, companion to my words,

At my lament, have made the trees to weep.

Disrobd the dead bones of their vnder garments,

Made Mountains Mirth, with spring-tide of my Teares.

And broken through the brazen Gates of Hell.

Yet still tormented in my tormented Soule,

With broken Sighes, and stifled Passions,

That winged mount, and hovering in the Ayre.

But

The Spanish Tragedie.

But at the Windows of the brightest Heavens;
Soliciting for Iustice and Revenge;
But they are plac'd in those imperiall heights;
Where, countermurd with walles of Diamond,
I find the place impregnable: and they
Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

Enter Hang-man with a Letter.

Hang. O Lord sir, God blesse you sir, the man sir, *Petergad*,
Sir, hee that was so full of merry conceites.

Hier. Well, what of him?

Hang. O Lord sir, he went the wrong way, the fellow had
a faire Commission to the contrary. Sir, heere is his Pas-
port; I pray you sir, we haue done him wrong.

Hier. I warrent thee, give it mee.

Han. You will stand betwene the Gallows and mee.

Hier. I, I.

Han. I thank your L. Worshipp. *Exit Hang-man.*

Hier. And yet, though somewhat neerer my concernes,
I will to ease the griefe that I sustaine,
Take truce with sorrow, while I read on this.

My Lord, I write, as my extremitie requir'd,

That you would labour my deliuerie:

If you neglect, my life is desperate,

And in my death, I shall reuenge the truth:

You know (my Lord) I slew him for your sake;

And was confederate with the Priests and you;

Wonne by rewards, and hopefull promises:

I hope to murder Don Horatio too.

Holpe he to murder mine *Horatio*

And a story in the accorded Tragedie?

Wast thou *Lover*, *Bellicose*, and thou?

Of whom my Sonne, my Sonne defended so well;

What haue I heard? what haue mine eyes beheld?

O sacred Heavens, may it come to passe,

That such a monstrous and detested deed,

So closely smother'd, and so long conceal'd,

Shall thus be thus reuenged or reuall'd?

Now see I what, I durst not then suspect,

That

The Spanish Tragedie.

That *Belimperia's* Letter was not founde:
 Not fained she, though Falsely they haue wrong'd
 Both her; my selfe, *Horatio*, and themselves:
 Now may I make compare twixt hers and this,
 Of euery accident, I nere could find,
 Till now, and now I feelingly perceiue
 They did, what heauen vn Timer should not leaue.
 O false *Lorenzo*, are these thy flattering lookes?
 Is this the honour that thou didst my Sonne?
 And *Balthazar*, bane to thy soule and mee?
 Was this the ranke he refer'd for thee?
 Woe to the cause of these constrained Warres,
 Woe to thy basenes and captiuitie.
 Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soule,
 Thy curst Father, and thy conquered selfe,
 And band with bitter execrations bee,
 The day and place where he did pittie thee.
 But wherefore wa'st, I mine vnfruitfull words,
 When nought but blood, will satisfie my woes?
 I will goe plaine me to my Lord the King,
 And cry alowde for Iustice through the Court,
 Wearing the Flints with these my withered Feete,
 And either purchase Iustice by intreates,
 Or tire them all with my reuenging threats.

Exit.

Enter Isabella and her Maide.

Isa. So that you say this Hearbe will purge the Eyes,
 And this the Head: Ah, but none of them will purge the heart
 No there's no Medicine left for my Disease,
 Nor any Phisicke to recure the Dead: *Shes runnes Lunaticke*
Horatio, O where's *Horatio*?

Maide. Good Madam, affright not thus your selfe,
 With outrage for your Sonne *Horatio*;
 Hee sleeps in quiet in the *Elixia* Fieldes.

Isa. Why, did I not giue you Gownes? and goodly thing
 Bought you a whistle, and a Whipsticke too:
 To be reuenged on their villanies?

Maide. Madam, these humors doe torment my soule.

Isa. My soule, poore soule; thou talkest of things
 Thou

Thou

The Spanish Tragedie

Thou knowest not what my soule hath silver wings,
That mounts me vp into the highest Heavens:
To Heauen, there sits my *Horatio*,
Back'd with a troope of fiery Cherubins,
Dauncing about his newly healed Wounds,
Singing sweet Hymnes, and chaunting heavenly notes,
Rare Harmony to greete his Innocency,
That liude: I, dide a mirrour in our dayes,
But say where shall I find the man, the Murderers
That slew *Horatio*: Whether shall I ronne
To find them out, that murdered my Sonne?

Belimperia at a Window.

Bel. What meanes this outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus requestred from the Court?
No notice; shall I not know the cause
Of this my secret and suspicious ill?
Accursed Brother, vnkind Murderer,
Why bends thou thus thy mode to martire me?
Hieronimo, Why writ I of thy wronges?
Or why art thou to slacke in thy reuenges?
Andrea, O *Andrea*: that thou sawest
Mee, for thy friend *Horatio*, handled thus,
And him for me, thus causelesse murdered.
Well, force perforce I must constrain my selfe
To patience, and apply me to the time,
Till Heauen (as I haue hoped) shall set me free.

Enter Christophell.

Chrisf. Come Madam *Belimperia*, this must not be.

Enter Lorenzo, Balisazar, and the Page.

Lor. Boy take no further, thus farre things goe well.
Thou art assured that thou sawest him dead:

Page. Or els my Lord I liue not.

Lor. That's enough.

As for his resolution in his end,
Leaue that to him with whom he sojourns now:
Heere take my Ring, and giue it *Christophell*,
And bid him let my Sister be enlarge,
And bring her hither straight.

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This that I did, was for a policie,
To smooth and keepe the Murder secret;
Which as a nine dayes wonder, being ore-blowne,
My gentle Sister will I now enlarge.

Bal. And time (*Lor.*) for my Lord the Duke,
You heard, enquired for her yester-night.

Lor. Why? and my Lord (I hope) you heard me say,
Sufficient reason, why she kept a way,
But that's all one; (my Lord) you loue her?

Bal. I.

Lor. Then in your loue be ware, deale cunningly,
Salue all suspitions, onely sooth mee vp;
And if she hap to stand on tearmes with vs;
As for her Sweet-heart, and concealment so,
Left with her gently vnder faintest test,
Are things conceald, that els would breed vnest;
But heere she comes.

Enter Belimperia.

Lor. Now Sister?

Bel. Sister: No, thou art no Brother, but an Enemy;
Else wouldst thou not haue vsed my Sister so:
First, to affright me with thy Weapons drawne,
And with extreames abuse my company;
And then to hurrie mee like Whirl-winds rage,
A midst a crew of thy confederates:
And clap me vp where none might come at mee,
Nor I at any, to reueale my wrongs.
What madding furie did possesse thy witte?
Or wherein ist that I offended thee?

Lor. Advise you better *Belimperia*,

For I haue done you no disparagement;
Vnlesse by more discretion then deserved,
I sought to saue your honour and mine owne.

Bel. Mine honour? Why *Lor.* where in?
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you, or any need to reueale it?

Lor. His Highnesse, and my Father, were reueld;
To come confesse with old *Hernando*,

G.

Con.

The Spanish Tragedie

Concerning certaine matters of estate,
That by the Vice-roy was decreed.

Bel. And wherein was mine honour touch'd in that?

Bal. Haue patience *Belimperio*, heare the rest.

Lor. Me (next in sight) as Messenger they sent,
To giue him notice that they were so nigh:
Now when I came, comforted with the Prince,
And (vnexpected) in an Arbour there,
Found *Belimperio* with *Horatio*.

Bel. How then?

Lor. Why then, remembering that old disgrace,
Which you for *Don Aluise* had endur'd,
And now were likely longer to sustaine,
By being found so meanely accompanied:
Thought rather (for I haue no readier means)
To thrust *Horatio* forth my Fathers way.

Bal. And carry you obscurely somewhere else,
Least that his Highnesse should haue found you there.

Bel. Euen so (my Lord) and you are witness,
That this is true, which he intreateth of:
You (gentle Brother) forged this for my sake,
And you (my Lord) were made his instrument:
A worke of worth, worthy the noting too,
But what's the cause that you conceald me since?

Lor. Your melancholy (Sister) since thence
Of your first fauourite *Don Aluise* death,
My Fathers old wrath hath exasperate.

Bal. And better wait for you (being in disgrace)
To absent your selfe, and giue him furie place.

Bel. But why had I no notice of this ire?

Lor. That were to ad more Fewel to the Fire,
Who burnt like *Atreus* for *Andrues* losse.

Bel. Hath not my Father then enquir'd for mee?

Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excus'd I thee.

He whisteth in her eare.

But *Belimperio*, see the gentle Prince,
Looke on thy Loue, behold young *Ralphe*,
Whose passions by thy presence, are increas'd.

And

The Spanish Tragedie, act 2

And in whose melancholy chuburney face
Thy hate is loue: thy flight his following thee.

Bel. Brother, you are become an Oratour,
I know not I, by what experience
Too politticke for art, past all compare
Since last I saw you, but content your selfe
The Prince is meditating higher things.

Bal. Tis of thy Beautie then, that conquers Kings:
Of those thy Tresses, *Adrianus* twins
Wherewith my liberie thou hast surpris'd,
Of that thine iuorie Front, my *Sonowes* Map,
Wherein I see no Haven to rest my hope.

Bel. To loue, and feare, and both are on my Lord,
In my conceits, are things of more import:
Then Womens wittes are to be husied in.

Bal. Tis I that loue.

Bel. Whom?

Bal. *Belimperia*.

Bel. But I, that feare.

Bal. Whom?

Bel. *Belimperia*.

Lor. Feare your selfe.

Bel. I Brother.

Lor. How?

Bel. As those, that when they loue, are loth, & feare to

Bal. Then faile, let *Balthazar* your keeper be.

Bel. *Balthazar* doth feare as well as wee.

Est tremulo me tui pavidus inuicere timorem,

Et uicem solidi proditoris opus. *Exit.*

Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
Wee goe continue this Discourse at Court.

Bal. Led by the Lead-stare of her heavenly lookes,

Wendes poore oppressed *Balthazar*,

As ore the Mountaines walks the wanderer,

Incertaine to effect his Pilgrimage.

Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo enters them.

Lor. By your leave sir.

Hier. Tis neither as you thinke, nor as you thinke,

G

Nor

EnA

The Spanish Tragedie.

Nor as you think, you are widdall
These Slippers are not mine, they were my Sonnes Heir:
My Sonne, and what a Sonne
A thing begot within a paire of Minutes, there about
A lump bred vp in darknesse, and doth serve
To ballance those light creatures we call Women: I shall come
And at nine months end, I will be brought to light.
What is there yet in a Sonne?
To make a Father dote, rave, or runne madde,
Being borne, it possesse, cryes, and succeedeth
What is there yet in a Sonne? ym, in our time, should be
He must be fed, be taught to go, and speake
I, or yet, why might not I have a Calfe as well?
Or melt in passion ore a frisking Kilde, as for a Sonne?
Merthinks a young Borne, ed on his mother, and in
Or a fine little smooth Horse-colt, should I
Should moue a man, as much as doth a Sonne
For one of these in very little time;
Will grow to some good vse; whereas a Sonne,
The more he growes in stature and in yeares;
The more vnquarrel, vnbeuelled he appeares;
Reckons his Parents among the ranke of Fools,
Strikes care vpon their heades with his mad Ryon,
Makes them looke old, before they meete with age:
This is a Sonne, and what a losse were this, considered truly.
O my Heir, gett out of reach of filthie
Insatiate humours: hee loath'd his louing Parents;
Hee was my comfort and his Mothers ioy,
The very Arme that did hold vp our House:
Our hopes were stur'd vpon him,
None but a damned Murderer could hate him:
He had not fraine the backe of nineteene yeare,
When his strong arme vpon the proud Prince *Dalthear*
And his gaeat minde too full of Honour,
Tooke him vs to mercy, that valiant, but ignoble *Parricide*.
Well Heauen in Heauen still,
And there is Nemesis, and Furie,
And things called Whippes,

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And they sometimes doe meet with Murderers,
They doe not alwayes scape, that's some comfort.
I, I, I, and then time steales on: and Reales, and steales
Till violence leapes foorth like thunder
Wrapt in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.
Good leaue haue you: I pray you goe,
For Ile leaue, if you can leaue me, so.

2 Pray you, which is the way to my L. the Duke's?

Hic. The next way from me.

2 To his house we meane.

Hic. O, hard by, tis yon house that ye see.

2 You could not tell vs if his sonne were there?

Hic. Who, my Lord Lorenzo?

2 I, sir.

He goes in at one dore, and comes out at another.

Hic. Oh, forbear, for other talke for as farre fitter were.

But if you be importune to know

The way to him, and where to finde him out,

Then list to mee, And Ile resolve your doubt:

There is a path vpon your left hand side,

That leadeth from a guiltie Conscience,

Vnto a Forrest of distrust and feare,

A darke some place and dangerous to passe,

There shall you meet with melancholic thoughts,

Whose palefull humors if you but behold,

It will conduct you to dispaire and death:

Whose rockie cliffes, when you haue once beheld,

Within a hugie dale of lasting night,

That's kindled with the worlds iniquities,

Doth cast vp filthie and detested fumes,

Not farr from thence, where murderers haue built,

A habitation for their cursed soules:

There is a brazen Caldron fixt by Ioue,

In his fell wrath, vpon a sulphure flame,

Your selues shall find Lorenzo bathing him,

In boyling Lead, and Blood of innocents.

2 Ha, ha, ha.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Ha, ha, ha: why ha, ha, ha: farewell good ha, ha, ha. *Exit*
2 Doubtlesse this man is passing lunaticke,
Or, imperfection of his age doth make him dote:
Come, let's away, to seeke my Lord the Duke. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hieronimo with a Paynard in one hand
and a Rope in the other.*

Hie. Now sir, perhaps I come and see the King,
The King sees mee, and faine would heare my suite.
Why is not this a strange, and seeld seene thing,
That standers by, with toyes should stricke me mute,
Goe too, I see their shifts, and say no more.
Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge
Downe by the Dale that flowes with purple Gore,
Standeth a fittie Tower; there sits a Iudge
Vpon a seate of Steele and molten Brasse:
And twixt his Teeth he holds a Fire-band,
That leades vnto the Lake where Hell doth stand:
A way *Hieronimo* to him begone!
Heele doe thee iustice for *Horatio's* death,
Turne downe this path, thou shalt be with him straight:
Or this, and then thou needes not take thy breath,
This way, or that way, soft and faire, not so,
For if I hang, or kill my selfe, lets know
Who will reuenge *Horatio's* murder then?
No, no, sieno pardon me, Ile none of that.

He flings away the Dagger and halter.

This way Ile take, and this way comes the King,

He takes them up againe.

And heere Ile haue a sling at him that's flar;
And *Balthazar*, Ile be with thee to bring,
And thee *Lorenzo*; heere's the King, nay stay:
And heere, *Theatre*: there goes the Hare away,

Enter King, Embassadour, Castile, and Lorenzo.

King. Now shew Embassadour, what our Vice-roy sayth:
Hath here receiued the Articles we sent?

Hier. Iustice, O Iustice to *Hieronimo*,

Lor. Backe, see'st thou not the King is busie;

Hier. O is he so?

King

The Spanish Tragedie.

King. Who is he that interrupts our business?

Hier. Not I: *Hieronimo* beware, goe by, goe by.

Embs. Renowned King, he hath received, and read,
Thy Kingly proffers, and thy promisd League:

And as a man extreameley over-joy'd,

To heare his Sonne so princely entertain'd,

Whose death he had so solemnly bawayPd.

This for thy further satisfaction,

And Kingly loue, he kindly lets thee knowe:

First for the Mariage of his Princely Sonne

With *Belimperia*, thy beloued Neece?

The newes are more delightfull to his soule,

Then Myrrh or Incense to the offended Heauens:

In person therefore will he come himselfe,

To see the Mariage rites solemnized,

And in the presence of the Court of *Spain*,

To knit a sure inexplicable band

Of Kingly loue, and euermlasting league,

Betwixt the Crowne of *Spain* and *Portugale*:

There will he giue his Crowne to *Balthazar*,

And make a Queene of *Belimperia*.

King. Brother, how like you this our Vice-royes loue?

Cast. No doubt (my Lord) it is an argument

Of honorable care to keepe his Friend,

And wondrous zeale to *Balthazar* his Sonne:

Nor am I least indebted to his Grace,

That bendes his liking to my Daughter thus.

Emb. Now last (dread Lord) heere hath his Highnes sent,

(Although he send not that his Sonne returne)

His Ransome due to *Don Horatio*.

Hiero. *Horatio*, Who calles *Horatio*?

King. And well remembered, thanke his Maestie:

Heere, see it giuen to *Horatio*.

Hiero. Iustice, O Iustice, Iustice gentle King.

King. Who is that, *Hieronimo*?

Hiero. Iustice, O Iustice: O my Sonne, my Sonne.

My Sonne, whom nought can ransom or redeme.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, you are not well aduised?

Hiero.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hiero. Away *Lernox*, hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my blisse,
Giue me my Sonne, you shall not ransom him.
A way, Ile rip the bowels of the earth,

Hee digges with his Dagger.

And ferrie ouer to the *Elusan* plaines,
And bring my Sonne to shew his deadly woundes
Stand from about mee, Ile make a Pick-axe of my Poniard,
And heere surrender vp my Marshallship;
For Ile goe Marshall vp my fiendes in Hell,
To be auenged on you all for this.

King. What meanes this outrage;
Will none of you restraîne his furie.

Hiero. Nay soft and faire, you shall not need to strue,
Needes must he goe that the Diuels drive.

King. What accident hath hap't to *Hierome*?
I haue not seene him to demeane him so.

Lor. My gracious Lord he is with extreame pride,
Conceiu'd of yong *Horatio* his Sonnes;
And couetous of hauing to himselfe,
The Ransome of the young Prince *Balthazar*,
Distract and in a manner lunaticke.

King. Beleeue mee Nephew we are sorie for't,
This is the loue that Fathers beare their Sonnes;
But gentle Brother, goe giue to him this Gold,
The Princes Ransome; let him haue his due,
For what he hath, *Horatio* shall not want,
Happily *Hierome* hath need thereof.

Lor. But if he be thus haplesly distract,
Tis requisite his office be resign'd,
And giuen to one of more discretion.

King. We shall increase his melancholy so,
Tis best we see further in it first;
Till when, our selfe will exempt the place.
And Brother, now bring in the Embassadour,
That he may be a witness of the match
Twixt *Balthazar* and *Belimperia*,
And that we may prefixe a certaine time,

When.

The Spanish Tragedie

Wherein the Marriage shall be solemnized,
That we may haue thy Lord the Vice-roy heere.
Emb. Therein your Highnesse highly shall content
His Maiestie, that longeth to heare from hence.
King. On then, & heare your Lord Embassadour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iaquez, and Pedro.

Iaq. I wonder *Pedro*, why our Maister thus,
At midnight sendes vs with our Torches light,
When Man and Bird and Beast are all at rest,
Save those that watch for Rape, & bloody murder.

Ped. O *Iaquez*, know thou that our maister minde
Is much distraught since his *Horatio* died,
And now his aged yeares should sleepe in rest,
His heart in quiet; like a desperat man,
Growes lunaticke and childish; for his Sonnets
Sometimes as he doth at his Table, when he writeth
He speakes as if *Horatio* stood by him,
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cryes out *Horatio*, where is my *Horatio*?
So that with extreme griefe, and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him one iack of Man's
See, heere he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hie. I pry through every crevice of each wall,
Looke at each Tree, & search through every bracke
Beat on the Bushes, stampe our grandame Earth,
Dive in the Water, and stare vpon Heauen;
Yet cannot I behold my Sonne *Horatio*.
How now, who's there, Sprights, Sprights?

Ped. We are your Seruants that attend you Sir.

Hier. What make you with your Torches in the darke?

Ped. You bid vs light them, and attend you heere.

Hier. No, no, you are deceiu'd, not I; you are deceiu'd:
Was I so maddeto bid you light your Torches now,
Light me your Torches at the mid of noone,
When as the Sun-god rides in all his glory,
Light me your Torches then.

Ped. Then we burne day-light.

H.

Exeunt.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Let it be burnt, Night is a murderous fit,
That would not haue her reasons to be seen;
And yonder pale faced Hee eat there the Moone,
Doth giue consent to that is done in darknesse:
And all those Starres that gaze vpon her face,
Are Aglots on her Sleue, pinnes on her traine:
And those that should be powerfull and deuine,
Doe sleepe in darknesse, when they most should shine.

Pad. Pronocke them not (saie he) with tempting words,
The Heauens are gracious, and your miseries and sorrow
Makes you speake; but know not what.

Hier. Villaine, thou hast said that doest enough
But tell me, I am made to beleeue, that thou hast said,
I know thee to be *Padra*, and he *Padra*,
He proue it to thee, and were I dead, how could I
Where was she the same night, when my *Hera* was murdered?
She should haue shone: But thou in the Booke
Had the Moone shone in my Boyes face, there was a kind of
That I know nay, I doe know had the murderers seene him,
His weapon would haue fall'd and cut the Earth;
Had he beene fram'd with his blood and death;
Alacke, when Mischiefe doth it knowes not what,
What shall we say to Mischiefe?

How shall we say to Mischiefe?

Isa. Deare *Hilren*, come in a doores,
O seeke not to knowe, for I am not a doore.

Hier. Indeed *Isabella*, I doe nothing here,
I doe not cry, aske *Padra* and *Padra*?
Not I indeed, we are very merry, very merry.

Isa. How doth merry here, be merry here,
Is not this the place, and this the very Tree
Where my *Hera* died; where he was murdered?

Isa. What doe you say what, to her weepe out,
This was the Tree I tell of a Kinnell, which was
And when our hot *Spain* could not let it grow,
But that the Infant and the humane sapping
Began to wither, duely twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountaine Water.

At

The Spanish Tragedie

At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore
Till at the length it grew a Gallower, & did beare our Sonne
It bore thy fruit and mine : O wicked, wicked Plant,

One knockes within

See who knockes there?

Pedro. It is a Painter sir :

Hier. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none lives but painted comfort :
Let him come in, one knowes not what may chance :
Gods will, that I should see this Tree
But even so maisters, vndergratefull servants, reard from aought
And then they hate them, that did bring them vp.

Enter the Painter.

Paint. God blese you sir.

Hier. Wherefore? Why? thou scorpefull Villaine
How, where, or by what meanes should I be blest?

Isa. What wouldst thou have, good fellow?

Paint. Iustice, Madam.

Hier. O ambitious Begger, wouldst thou have that,
That liues not in the world?
Why, all the vnclued Mynes cannot buy
An ounce of Iustice, tis a lewell so inestimable,
I tell thee, God hath ingrossed all Iustice in his hands,
And there is none, but what comes from him.

Paint. O then I see, that god must right me for my murdered

Hier. How, was thy Sonne murdered?

Paint. I sir : no man did hold a Sonne so deare.

Hier. What, not as thine? thats a lye.

As maske as the Earth, I had a Sonne,
Whose least vnvalued Haire did waigh
A thousand of thy Sonnes, and he was murdered.

Paint. ...as sir, I had no more but hee.

Hier. Nor I, nor I : But this same one of mine,
Was worth a legion : but all is one.

Pedro, Iaques : goe in a doores *Isabella* goe,
And this good fellow heere, and I,
Will range this hideous Orchard vp and downe,
Like to two Lyons reared of their young.

Ha

Go

The Spanish Tragedy.

Goe in a doores I say: but nod him, weig him weig him: *Enter*

Come, lets talke wisely now.

Was thy Sonne murdered?

Pain. I fir.

Hier. So was mine.

How doe thou take it? art thou not some time madder?

Is there no wicked that comes before thine eyes?

Pain. O Lord, yes fir.

Hier. Art a Painter? Canst paint me a Teare, or a wound?

A Grooms, or a Sign? Canst paint me such a Tree as this?

Pain. Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting:

My name's *Bazardo*.

Hier. *Bazardo* afore-God an excellent fellow, looke you fir

Doe you see? I haue you paint me my Gallerie

In your oyle tallow, matted: and draw me five

Yeares younger then I am: Doe you see fir, let five

Yeares agoe: let them goe like the Marshall of *Spain*.

My wife *Isabella* standing by me

With a speaking looke to my Sonne *Hieronimo*:

Which should intend to this, or some such like purpose:

God blesse thee my sweet sonne, and my hand leaning vpon

his head thus fir: doe you see? may it be done?

Pain. Very well fir.

Hier. Nay, I pray marke mee fir:

Then fir, would I haue you paint me this tree, this very tree,

Canst paint a dolefull cry?

Pain. Seemingly fir.

Hier. Nay, it should cry: but all is one.

Well fir, paint me a youth run thorow and thorow with vil-

laines sword, hanging vpon this tree.

Canst thou draw a Murderer?

Pain. He warrant you fir.

I haue the pattern of the most notorious Villaines,

That euer liued in all *Spain*.

Hier. O, let them be worse, worse: stretch them fir.

And let their beards be of *Judas* his owne colour

And let their eye-browes carry out in any case of these

Then.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Then fir, after some violent noyse,
Bring me forth in my shirt, & my gowne vnder mine arme,
With my Torch in my hand, and my sword scared vp thus:
And with these wordes.

What noyse is this, who calles Hieronimo?

May it be done?

Paint. Yeasir.

Hie. Well fir, then bring me forth, bring me through
allie, & allie, still with a distracted countenance going a-
long, and let my haire heave vp my night-cap.
Let the Clowdes scowle, make the Moone darke, the Starrs
extinct, the windes blowing, the Belles towling the Owle
shrieking, the Toades croaking, the Minutes ierring, and the
Clocke striking twelue.

And then as last fir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tor-
tring, and tortring as you know the wind will weare a
man, and I with a tricke to cut him downe.

And looking vpon him by the aduantage of my Torch, finde
it to be my Sonne. *Hieronimo.*

There you may a pallion, there you may shew a passion.

Draw me like old Priam of Troy.

Crying the house is a fire, the house is a fire,

As the Torch ouer thy head, Make me curse,

Make me raue, make me cry, make me mind,

Make me well againe, make me curse Hell.

Inuocate, and in the end cleare me.

In a trance, and so forth.

Paint. And is this the end?

Hie. O no, there is no end: the truth is death and madness.

As I am neuer better then when I am mad,

Then me thinkes I am a braver fellow,

Then I doe wonders, but reason abuses me,

And there's the torment, there's the hell.

At the last, fir, bring me to one of the Murderers,

Were he as strong as Hektor, thus would I

Tear and dragge him vp and downe.

He teares the murderer, and how comes Hieronimo?

With a Torch in his hand.

The Spanish Tragedie

Vindicta mihi.

Heaven will be reveng'd of every ill,
Nor will they suffer Murder unpaid;
Then stay Hieronimo, attend their will,
For mortall men may not oppoyne a thing.

Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter. (The)

Strike, & strike home, where wrong is offered,
For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolutions;
For he that thinks with Patience to contend,
To quiet life, his life shall still extend.

Facis mihi misericordiam habes, facis mihi misericordiam habes.

If Destinie thy Miseries doe ease,
Such hast thou Health, and happy shalt thou be.

It Destinie deny thee life Hieronimo,
Yet shalt thou be assured of a Tombe.

It neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
Heaven covereth him that hath no buttall.

And to conclude, I will revenge his death;
But how? not as the vulgar wittes of men,

With open, but inevitable ill;
As by a secret, yet a certaine mean,

Which vnder kindness will be cloaked best;
Wise men will take their opportunitie,

Clofely, and safely, sitting things to time;
But in extreames, vantage hath no time.

And therefore all times fit not for Revenge;
Thus therefore will I rest me in vnrest,

Dissembling quiet, in vnquietnesse;
Not seeming that I know their villanies,

That my simplicitie may make them thinke,
That ignorantly, I will let it slip.

For ignorance I wot, and well they know,
Remedium malorum inersitas.

Nor ought auails it mee to aduance them,
Who, as a Wintry storme vpon a Plaine,

Will beare me downe with their Nobilitie.

No

The Spanish Tragedie.

No, no, *Hieronimo*, thou must enioyne
Thine Eyes to obseruation, and thy Tongue
To milder speeches then thy Spirits afford
Thy Heart to patience, and thy Hands to rest:
Thy Cappe to curtesie, and thy Knees to bow,
Till to reuenge thou know when, where, and how.

How now, What noyse? What coyle is that you keepe?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Heere are a sort of poore Petitioners,
That are importunate, and it shall please you sir,
That you should pleade their cases to the King.

Hier. That I should pleade their seuerall Actions?
Why let them enter, and let mee see them.

Enter three Citizens, and an old man.

1 So, I tell you this, for Learning and for Law,
There's not any Aduocate in Spain,
That can preuaile, or will take halfe the paine,
That he will, in pursute of equitie.

Hier. Come neere, you men that thus importune mee,
(Now must I bare a face of grauitie)
For this I vfe before my Marshallship
To plead in causes as *Carriedon*.
Come on sirs, What's the matter?

2 Sir, an Action.

Hier. Of Batterie?

1 Mine of Debt.

Hier. Giue place.

2 No sir, mine is an action of the Case.

3 Mine an Eiection, *Firme* by Lease.

Hier. Content you sirs, are you determined
That I should plead your seuerall Actions?

1 I sir, and heere's my declaration.

2 And heere is my Band.

3 And heere is my Lease.

They giue him papers.

Hier. But wherefore stand you silly man, so mute?
With mournnfull eyes, and hands to Heauen vpreard?
Come hither Father, let me know thy Cause?

Seneca.

The Spanish Tragedie

Senex. O worthy Sir, my cause but slightly knowing,
May mouue the heates of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the corselike Rockes with reuelled teares.

Hier. Say Father, tell me, what's thy lute?

Senex. No sir, could my woes,
Giue way vnto my most distressed Words,
Then should I not in Paper, (as you see)
With Incke bewray, what Blood began in thee.

Hier. What's heere, *The humble Supplication,*
of Don Bazulto for his murdered Sonne.

Senex. I sir,

Hier. No sir, it was my murdered Sonne, *O my sonne,*
Oh my Sonne, Oh my Sonne *Horatio.*
But mine, or thine *Bazulto*, be content:
Heere take my Handkercher and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I, in thy misfortune see
The liuely portraict of my dying selfe.

He draweth out a bloody Handkercher.

O no not this *Horatio*, this was thine,
And when I did it in thy dearest Blood,
This was a token twixt thy soule and mee,
That of thy death reuenged I should see.
But heere, take this, and this, what my Parter
I this, and that, and all of them are thine:
For all as one are our extremities.

Oh, see the kindnesse of *Hieronimo*,
This gentlenesse shewes him a Gentleman.

Hier. See see, Oh see thy shame *Hieronimo*
See heere a louing Father to his Sonne:
Behold the sorrowes and the sad lament
That he deliuered for his Sonnes decess:
If loue effects so strues in lesser things,
If loue enforce such moodes in meaner wittes,
If loue enforce such power in poore estates:
Hieronimo, when as a raging Sea,
Tost with the winde and tide, ore-runned then
The vpper billower course of waues to keepe,
Whilst lesser waters labour in the deepe:

Then

The Spanish Tragedie.

Then shamest thou not *Hieronimo*, to neglect
The swift reuenge of thy *Horatio*?
Though on this earth Iustice will not be found,
He downe to Hell, and in this passion
Knocke at the dismall gates of *Pluto's* Court,
Getting by force (as once *Achilles*)
A troupe of Furies, and tormenting Hagges,
To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the rest.
Yet least the tripple headed Porter should
Denie my passage to the limic Strand,
The *Thracian* Poet thou shalt counterfaite:
Come old Father, be my *Orpheus*,
And if thou canst no notes vpon the Harpe,
Then sound the burden of the sore hearts griefe,
Till we do gaine, that *Proserpine* may graunt
Reuenge on them that murdered my Sonne.
Then will I rent and teare them thus, and thus,
Shiuering their limmes in peeces with my teeth.

Teares on the Papers.

1 O firm my Declaration.

Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

2 Saue my Bond.

Enter Hieronimo.

3 Saue my Bond.

4 Alas my Lease it cost me ten pound;
And you (my Lord) haue torne the same:
Hier. That cannot be, I gaue them neuer a wound.
Shew me one drop of Blood fall from the same:
How is it possible I should slay it then?
Tush no, run after, catch me if you can.

Exeunt all but the old man.

*Bazilio remains till Hieronimo comes againe, who
staring him in the face, speaketh.*

Hier. And art thou come *Horatio*, from the dead,
To aske for Iustice in this vpper Earth,
To tell thy Father thou art vnto be dead,
To wring more teares from *Isabella's* eye,
Whose sightes are dim'd with our long teares?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Goe backe my Sonne, complaine to *Eacus*,
For heere's no Iustice; gentle Boy, begone:
For Iustice is exiled from the Earth.
Hieronimo will beare thee company,
Thy Mother cryes on righteous *Radamant*,
For iust Reuenge against the Murderers.

Senex. Alas (my L.) whence springs this troubled speech?

Hier. But let mee looke on my *Horatio*,
Sweet Boy, art thou chang'd in Donthis blacke shade;
Had *Proserpine* no pittie on thy youth,
But suffered thy faire crimson culloured Spring,
With withered Winter, to be blasted thus
Horatio, thou art elder then thy Father:
Ah, ruthlesse Father, that fauour thus transformes

Baz. Ah my good Lord, I am not your young Sonne.

Hie. What, not my Sonne, thou then a Furie art,
Sent from the empty Kingdome of blacke Night,
To summon me to make appearance
Before grim *Achaz*, and iust *Radamant*,
To plague *Hieronimo* that is remisse,
And seekes not vengeance for *Horatio*'s death.

Baz. I am a greued man and not a Ghost,
That came for Iustice for my murdered Sonne.

Hier. I, now I know thee, now thou namest my Sonne:
Thou art the liuely image of my griefe,
Within thy face my sorrow as I may see:
Thy Eyes are dim'd with teares, thy Cheekes are wan,
Thy Forehead troubled, and thy muttering Lips
Murmure sad words abruptly broken off;
By force of windy sighes thy Spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy Sonne,
And selfe same sorrow feele I for my Sonne.
Come in old man, thou shalt to *Isabel*,
Leane on my arme: I thee, thou me, shalt stay,
And thou, and I, and shee, will sing a Song:
Three partes in one: but all of discords fram'd,
Talk not of Cord, but letvs now begone,
For with a Cord *Horatio* was slaine.

Exeunt
Enter.

The Spanish Tragedie.

*Enter King of Spaine, the Duke, Viceroy, and Lorenzo,
Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Belimperia.*

King. Goe Brother, tis the Duke of Castile cause,
Salute the *Vice-roy* in our name.

Cas. I goe.

Vice. Goe soorth *Don Pedro*, for thy Nephewes sake,
And greeete the Duke of *Castile*,

Ped. It shall be fir.

King. And now to meeete the *Portingales*,
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kinges and **Commaunders** of the *Westerne Indies*,
Wel-come (braue *Vice-roy*) to the Court of *Spaine*,
And wel-come all his Honourable traine.

Tis not vnknowne to vs, for why you come,

Or haue so Kingly crost the Seas:

Sufficed it in this, we note the troth;

And more then common loue you lend to vs.

So is it that mine Honorable Neece

For it becomes vs now that it be knowne,

Already is betroath'd to *Balthazar*:

And by appoyntment and our conscent,

To morrow are they to be married.

To this intent we entertaine thy selfe,

Thy followers their pleasure, and our peace,

Speake men of *Portingale*, shall it be so,

If I, say so, : if not, say flathy no;

Vic. Renowned King, I come not as thou think'st,

With doubtfull followers, vnresolved min,

But such as haue vpon thine Articles

Confirm'd thy motion, and contented me

Know Soueraigne, I come to solemnize

The marriage of thy beloned Neece,

Faire *Belimperia* with my *Balthazar*,

With thee my Sonne, whome sith I liue to see:

Heere take my Gowne, I giue it her and thee:

And let me liue a solitarie life,

In ceaselesse Prayers,

To thinke how strangely Heaven hath thee preserved:

The Spanish Tragedie.

King. See Brother see, how Nature strives in him,
Come worthy *Viceroy*, and accompanie
Thy friend, with thine extraneousities:
A place more priuate fits this Princely mood.

Vice. Or heere, or where your Highnesse thinke it good.

Cast. Nay stay *Lorenzo*, let me talke with you:
Seest thou this entertainment of these Kings?

Lor. I doe my Lord, and Ioy to see the same.

Cast. And knowest thou why this meeting is?

Lor. For her (my Lord) whom *Balthazar* doth loue;
And to confirme their promised Marriage.

Cast. Shee is thy Sister?

Lor. Who, *Belimperia*? I my gracious Lord:
And this is the day that I haue long'd so happily to see.

Cast. Thou wouldst be loth that any fault of thine,
Should intercept her in her happinesse?

Lor. Heauens will not let *Lorenzo* erre so much.

Cast. Why then *Lorenzo* listen to my words:
It is suspected, and reported too;

That thou *Lorenzo* wroughtst *Hieronimo*'s
And in his suites towards his Maestie,

Still keeps him backe, & seeks to troffe his suite.

Lor. That I, my Lord?

Cast. I tell thee Sonne, my selfe haue heard it said
When (to my sorrow) I haue been ashamed

To answer thee, though thou wert my Sonne
Lorenzo, knowst thou not the common loue;

And kindnesse that *Hieronimo* hath wonne
By his desertes, within the Court of Spaine?

Or seest thou not the King my Brothers care,
In his behalfe, and to procure his health?

Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions;
And hee exclaime against thee to the King?

What honour wert in this assemblie,
Or what a scandale wert among the Kings?

To heere *Hieronimo* exclaime on thee?
Tell mee, and I will tell me truly,

Whence

The Spanish Tragedie

Whence growes the ground of this report in Court?

Lor. My Lord, it lies not in *Lorenzo's* power
To stoppe the vulgar libell of their tongues.

A small aduantage makes a water-breach,
And no man liues, that longe contenteth all.

Cas. My selfe haue seene thee busie to keepe backe
Him, and his supplications from the King.

Lor. Your selfe my L. haue seene his Passions,
That ill besecme the presence of a King.

And for I pittied him in his distresse,
I held him thence with kind and courtious words.

As free from malice to *Hieronimo*,
As to my soule, my Lord.

Cas. *Hieronimo* (my Sonne) mistakes thee then?
Lor. (My gracious Father, beleeue me) so he doth.

But what's a sillie man distract in minde,
To thinke vpon the murder of his Sonne?

Alas, how easie is it for him to erre?
But for his satisfaction and the worlds,

I were good (my Lord) that *Hieronimo* and I,
Were reconcild, if he misconster mee.

Cas. *Lorenzo*, thou hast said it shall be so,
Goe one of you and call *Hieronimo*.

Enter Balihazar and Belimperia.
Bal. Come *Belimperia*, *Balihazar's* content,

My sorrowes ease, and soueraigne of my blisse,
Sith Heauen hath ordaind thee to be mine.

Disperse those Clouds and melancholy Lookes,
And cheare them vp with those thy sun-bright eyes.

Wherein my hope and heauens faire beauty lies.
Bel. My lookes (my Lord) are, sitting for my loue;

Which new begun, can shew no brighter yet.
Bal. New kindled flames should burne as morning Sunne.

Bel. But not too fast, least heate and all be done.
I see my Lord my Father.

Bal. True my Loue, I will goe salute him.
Cas. Welcome *Balihazar*, welcome braue Prince,

The Pledge of Castiles peace:
13. And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And wellcome *Belimpia*: How now girl?
Why comest thou sadly to salute vs thus?
Content thy selfe, for I am satisfied,
It is not now as when *Andrillu*d;
We haue forgotten, and forgiven that,
And thou art graced with a happier Love,
But *Balthazar*, heere comes *Hieronimo*,
He haue a word with him.

Enter Hieronimo, and a Scruiant.

Hier. And wher's the Duke?

Ser. Yonder.

Hiero. Even so: what new deuise haue they deuised tro-
Pocas Palabras, milde as the Lambe,
If I will be reueng'd: no, I am not the man.

Cas. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Bal. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Hie. My Lords, I thanke you for *Horatio*.

Cas. *Hieronimo*, the reason that I sent
To speake with you, is this.

Hie. What, so short?

Then ile be gon, I thanke you for't.

Cas. Nay, stay *Hieronimo*: goe call him *Sonne*.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, my Father craues a word with you.

Hie. With me fir? why my L. I thought you had done.

Lor. No, would he had.

Cas. *Hiero*, I heare you find your selfe a gricued at my Son
Because you haue not acceffe vnto the King:
And say tis he that intercepts your suites.

Hier. Why is not this a Miserable thing my Lord?

Cas. *Hieronimo*, I hope you haue no cause,
And would be loth that one of your desertes,
Should once haue reason to suspect my Sonne,
Considering how I thinke of you my selfe.

Hiero. Your Sonne *Lorenzo*, whome my noble Lord,
The hope of *Spain*, mine honorable friend:
Graunt me the combat of them, if they dare.

Drawes out his Sword.

He

The Spanish Tragedie.

He meete him face to face to tell me so.
These be the scandalous reportes of such
As loue not mee, and hate my Lord too much,
Should I suspect *Lernus* would preuent,
Or crosse my suite, that loued my Sonne so well?
My Lord I am ashamed it should be said.

Lor. Hieronimo, I neuer gaue you cause,

Hie. My good Lord, I know you did not.

Caf. There pause, and for the satisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile *Ciprian* ancient seate,
And when thou wilt, visme, my sonne, and it:
But heere before Prince *Balthazar* and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hiero. I may, my Lord and shall.
Friendes (quoth he) see, ile be friendes with you all:
Specially with you my lovely lord,
For diuers causes it is fit for vs,
That we be friendes, the world is suspicious,
And men may thinke what we imagine not.

Bal. Why this is friendly done *Hieronimo*.

Lor. And that I hope old grudges are forgot?

Hier. What else, it were a shame it should not be so.

Caf. Come on *Hieronimo* at my request,
Let vs intreat your company to day. *Exeunt*

Hier. Your Lordships to commaund,

Pha. Keepe your way.

Mi, chi misa? Poi Correzza Che non salti.

Tradito mi a strada vel.

Enter Ghost and Revenge.

Ghost.

Awake *Eripha*, *Cerberus* awake,
Solicite *Pluto* gentle *Proserpine*,
To combat *Achimm* and *Eriobus* in Hell,
For need by *Stix*, and *Phlegeton*:
Nor ferried *Caron* to the fire lakes,
Such fearefull fights, as poore *Andres* sees
Revenge, awake.

Ghost.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Ghost. Awake *Revenge*, for thou art ill-advised,
To sleepe, away: What art thou wading?

Reuen. Content thy selfe, and doe not trouble mee.

Ghost. Awake *Revenge*, all out, as Lone hath had
Haue yet the power of pious lance in Hell;
Hieronimo with *Lorenzo* is ioynd in league,
And intercepts our passage to reuenge:
Awake *Revenge*, or we are woe begone.

Re. Thus worldlings ground what they haue threat vpon
Content thy selfe *Andreu*, though I sleepe,
Yet in my mood soliciting their foules:
Sufficeth thee that poore *Hieronimo*
Cannot forget his Sonne *Horatio*,
Nor dies *Revenge*, although he sleepe awhile:
For in vnquiet, quietnesse is found,
And slumbring is a common worldly wile:
Behould *Andreu* for an instance, how
Revenge hath slept; and then imagine thou,
What tis to be subiect to defame.

Ghost. Awake *Revenge*, reueale this mysterie.

Reuen. The two first, the nuptiall Torches bore,
As bright burning as the myr-dayer Sunne:
But after them doth *Isabella* life as fire,
Clothed in Sable and a Saffron robe,
And blowes them out, and quenchereth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.

Ghost. Sufficeth mee thy meaning's vnderstood,
And thanks vnto thee, and those infernall powers,
That will not tolerate a Louer's woe:
Rest thee, for I will sit and see the rest.

Reuen. Thus argue not, for thou hast thy request. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Bel-imperia and Hieronimo.

Bel. Is this the love thou bearest *Horatio*?
Is this the kindnesse that thou counterfaistes?

The Spanish Tragedie 117

Are these the fruites of thine ingratitude?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions, and thy joy of woe? I need not
 Thy protestations, and thy deepe lamentations,
 That thou wert wont to weare men withall;
 O vnkind Father! O detestfull World!
 With what excuses canst thou charge thy self?
 With what dishonour, and the hate of men,
 From this dishonour, and the hate of men,
 Thus to neglect the life, and looke on him,
 Whome both my letters, and thine owne helpe
 Assures thee, to be called offe laughter?
Hieronimo, for shame *Hieronimo*,
 Be not a Historie to after times,
 Of such ingratitudes as to thy Sonnes
 Vnhappy Mother of such Children hath
 But monstrous Father, to forget so long
 The death of these, whom they with care
 Haue tendered, so that careless should be lost
 My selfe a Stranger, in respect of thee
 Seiz'd his life, as still I wish their death
 Nor shall his death be vndone by me
 Although I beare it out for fashion sake
 For heere I sware, in sight of Heauen and Earth
 Shouldst thou neglect the loue thou shouldst remaine
 And giue it ouer, and deuise no more
 My selfe should find their hatefull soules in Hell
 That wrought his downefall, with extreame death
Hic. But may it be that *Belimperia*,
 Vowes such reuenge as shee hath dauid to say
 Why then I see that Heauen applies our drift
 And all the Saintes doe sit for thing in it
 For vengeance on these wretched Murtherers
 Madam tis true and now I find it so
 I found a Letter written in your name
 And in that Letter, how *Belimperia*
 Pardon, O pardon *Belimperia*
 My feare and care in not beleauing it
 Nor thinke, I thoughtlesse thinke vpon a more

The Spanish Tragedie.

To let his death be venged, and thus I will
And heere I vow, so you but give content,
And will conceale my resolution;
I will ere long, determine of their death,
That causelesse thus have murder'd my Sonnes.

Btl. Hieronimo. I will content you, if you will
And ought that may effect for this avale,
Ioyne with thee to revenge Hieronimo's death.

Hier. Oh then, what can I desire,
Let me intreat you, grace my practise here,
For Why, the plot's already on my head,
Heere they are.

Enter Balisares and Lucio.

Btl. How now Hieronimo, what's counting *Balisares*?

Hier. My Lord, both counting, and desirous you should
She hath my heart; but she is a Jew, and thus she will
Lor. But how can we be so intreat your help?

Hier. My help? why my good Lord, I'll be your slave, if you will
For you have given me cause, I by my tongue have you.

Btl. I please you, if you will, I'll be your slave, if you will
To grace the King so much as with a shew
Now were your Studie so well furnished,

As for the passing of the first night's sport,
To entertaine my Father with the like;
Or any such like pleasing motion,
Assure you, I'll be your slave, if you will.

Hier. If this be all, I'll be your slave, if you will.

Lor. I this is all.

Hier. Why then, He fits you, say no more,
When I was young, I gave my quinde; Hieronimo, I need you
And plyde my selfe to translate Poetrie;
Which though it profit the professor naught,
Yet is it passion pleasing to the World.

Lor. And how for that?

Hier. Marry (my good Lord) thus, I have
And yet mee thinkes you are too quick with me;
When in Toledo, there I studied,
It was my chance to write a Tragicke.

See

The Spanish Tragedie

See heere my Lord, which long forgot, I found this other day.
 Now would your Lordship favour mee to make
 As but to grace me with your acting it,
 I meane each one of you to play a part.
 Assure you it will proue most pleasing strange,
 And wonderous: plaine to the affable.

Bal. What, would you have vs play a Tragedie?
Hic. Why? Now thought it no disparagement,
 And Kings and Emperours haue taken delight
 To make experience of their wittes, in Plays.

Low. Nay, be not angry, good Sir,
 The Prince but asked a question.
Bal. In faith Hieronimo, and you be in earnest
 He make one?
Low. And I another.
Hic. Now, my good Lord, could you intrust
 Your Sister Belimperia to make one?
 For whats a Play without a woman in't?

Bal. Little intreatie shall serue mee Hieronimo,
 For I must needs be employed in your Play.
Hic. Why this is well: Tell you Lordings,
 It was determined to haue been acted
 By Gentlemen and Schollers too:
 Such as could tell what to speake.

Bal. And now it shall be said by Princes and Courtiers
 Such as can tell how to speake:
 If (as it is our Country manner)
 You will but let vs know the Argument.

Hic. That shall I readily. The Chronicles of Spaine
 Record this written of a Knight of the Roder:
 Her was hatched, and wedded at the length,
 To one *Perfeda*, an Italian Dame,
 Whose Beauty charmed all that her beheld,
 Especially the soule of *Salmeron*:
 Who at the Marriage was the chiefest guest,
 By sundry meanes long hee sought to winne
Perfeda alone, and could not get the same.

The Spanish Tragedie.

That can be broke his passions to a friend;
One of his *Bellevue*, who shall he tell you,
Her had this *Bellevue* long solicited,
And saw she was not better wife to be wonne;
But by her husbands death: this *Knight of Rhodes*,
Whome presently by the name he knew,
She stirde with an exceeding hate therefore
As cause of this new *Bellevue*,
And to escape this *Bellevue*,
Did stab her selfe and thus the Tragedie.

Lor. O excellent!

Bel. But say, *Hieronymus*, what then became of him?
That was the *Bellevue*?

Hic. Many thus, moov'd with remorse of his misdeeds
Ran to a mountaine top and hang'd himselfe.

Bel. But which of vs is to performe this part?

Hic. O, that will my Lords make us do better.
He play the murderer I warrant you,
For I already haue conceited that.

Bel. And what shall I?

Hic. Great *Soliman* the Turkish Emperour.

Lor. And I?

Hic. *Eras*, the Knight of *Rhodes*.

Bel. And I?

Hic. *Perfeda*, chaste and reuerent.

And here my Lords are general abstracts drawne,
For each of you to note your partes

And act it as occasion's offered you.
You must provide a Turkish cappe,

A blacke murtherer, and a faction.

You, with a Crowne like a Sultan of *Turkey*.

And Madam you must attyre your selfe.

Like *Phibe*, *Flora*, or the *Hundred*.

Which to your discretion shall yet be left.

And as for me my Lords, I will be gone.

And with the reason that I will be gone.

And with the reason that I will be gone.

And with the reason that I will be gone.

And with the reason that I will be gone.

So

The Spanish Tragedie.

So furnish and performe this Tragedie,
As all the world shall say, *Hieronimo* is comend and good o T
Was liberall in gracing of it so.

Bal. Hieronimo, me thinkes a Comedie were better.

Hic. A Comedie, fir, Comedies are fit for comon wits,
But to present a Kingly troupe with all,
Giue me a stately written Tragedie,
Tragedie cother nato, fitting Kings,
Containing matter, and not common things.

My Lords, all, this must be performed,
As fitting for the fust nights recalling,
The Italian Tragedians were so sharpe of wit,
That in one howers meditation,
They would performe any thing in action.

Lor. And well it may, for I haue seene the like
In Paris, mongst the French Tragedians.

Hic. In Paris, fir, and well remembred,
There's one thing more the best for vs to doe.

Bal. What's that, *Hieronimo*, forget not any thing.

Hic. Each one of vs must ad his part,
In vnknown languages,
That it may breed more varietie,
As you my Lord in latine, in Greeke,
You in Italian: and for because I know
That *Belimperia*, hath praesed the French,
In courtly French shall all her pleasures bee.

Bal. You meane to try my cunning then *Hieronimo*?

Bal. But this will be a more confusion,
And hardly shall we all be understood.

Hic. It must be so, for the conclusion,
Shall proue the inuention, and all was good
And my selfe in an Oracion,
And with a strange and wonderous show besides,
That I will haue there behind a curtaine,
Assure thy selfe shall make the matter knowen,
And all shall be concluded in one Scene.
For there's no pleasure in tediousness.

Bal. How like you this?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Lor. Why thus my Lord, we must resolve
To sooth his humors vp.

Bal. On then Hieronimo; farewell till soone.

Hic. Youle plie this geere?

Lor. I warrant you.

Hic. I, why so: Now shall I see the fall of *Babington*.

Wrought by the heauen in this confusion.

And if the world like not this Tragedie,

Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo.

Enter Isabella with a weapon.

Tell me no more, O monstrous homicide,

Since neither pietie nor pittie moues

The King to Iustice or compassion

I will reuenge my selfe vpon this place,

Where they murdered my beloved Sonne.

She enters downe the steepe.

Downe with these branches, and these with some boaghes,

Of this vnfortunate and fatall Pide,

Downe with them *Isabella*, read them vp,

And burne the rootes from whence the rest is sprang.

I will not leave a roote, a stalke, a tree,

A bough, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,

No, not an hearbe within this Garden plot,

Accursed complot of my miserie:

Fruitelesse for euer may this Garden be,

Barren the earth, and blest who soeuer

Imagines not to keepe it vnnurured:

An Easterne wind comming with my *solow* ayres,

Shall blast the plants and the young saplings,

The Earth with Serpents shall be pestered,

And passengers shall be to be misdeed,

Shall stand a loofe, and looking on it, tell

Their murdered, died the Sonne of *Isabella*,

I, heere he di'd, and heere I him embrace.

See where his Ghost solicited with his woundes

Reuenge on her that should Reuenge his death.

Hieronimo make haste to see thy Sonne,

For Sorrow and Dispaire hath cited me.

The Spanish Tragedie.

To heare *Horatio* plead with *Radamant*;
Make hast *Hieronimo* to hold exclude
Thy necklignce in pursuite of their deaths,
Whose hatefull wrath becau'd him of his breath.
Ah ha, thou dost delay their deaths,
Forgives the murderers of thy noble Sonne,
And none but I, bestirre me to no ende:
And as I curse this tree from further fruite,
So shall my woe be cursed for his sake:
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
The haplesse breast that gaue *Horatio* sucke.

She kills her selfe.

Enter Hieronimo, he knocks up the Curtaine,

Enter the Duke of Castile.

Cas. How now *Hieronimo*, where's thy fellowes
That you take all this paine?

Hie. O Sir, it is for the Authours credite,
To looke that all things may goe well:
But good my L. let me intreat your Grace
To giue the King the coppie of the Play:
This is the Argument of what we shew,

Cas. I will *Hieronimo*.

Hie. One thing more my good Lord.

Cas. What's that?

Hie. Let me intreat your grace,
That when the traine is past into the Gallerie, you
Would vouchsafe to throw me downe the key.

Cas. I will *Hieronimo*.

Exit Cas.

Hie. What are you ready *Balthazar*?
Bring a Chaire and a Cushion for the King.

Enter Balthazar with a Chaire.

Well done *Balthazar*, hang vp the title:
Our Scene is *Rhodes*: what is your Beard on?

Bal. Halfe on, the other is in my hand.

Hie. Dispatch for shame, are you so long? *Exit Bal.*
Bethinke thy selfe *Hieronimo*.

Recall thy wittes, recount thy former wronges
Thou hast receiued by murder of thy Sonne.

And

The Spanish Tragedie

And lastly, not least, how *Hieronimo*,
Once his Mother, and thy dearest Wife,
All woe be-gone for him hath flaine her selfe.
Behooves thee then *Hieronimo*, to be reuenged.
The plot is layde of diere Reuenge!
On th; m *Hieronimo*, pursue Reuenge;
For nothing wants, but acting of reueng. *Ex. H.*

*Enter Spanish King, Vice-roy, Duke of Castile,
and their traine.*

King. Now *Vice-roy*, shall wee see the Tragedie
Of *Soliman* the Turkish Emperour,
Perform'd of pleasure, by our Sonne the Prince,
My Nephew, *Don Lorenzo*, and my Niece?

Vice. Who, *Belimperia*?

King. I, and *Hieronimo* our Marshall,
At whose request they denie to doe it them-selues.
These be our pastimes in the Court of *Spain*.
Heere Brother you shall be the Booke-keeper,
This is the Argument of that they shew. *Hee giues him a booke.*

*Gentlemen this play of Hieronimo in Spanish Language, was
thought good to be set downe in English more largely,
for the easier understanding of many
publicke Reader.*

Enter Balisazar, Belimperia, and Hieronimo.

Rabb. **B**Alisazar, that *Rhodes* is ours, yeeld heauens the honor.
And holy *Mahomet* our sacred Prophet:
And be thou grac'd with euery excellence.
That *Soliman* can giue, or thou desire.
But thy desert is conquering *Rhodes* in lesse
Then in restoring this faire Christian Nymph
Perfeda, blisfull lampe of excellence,
Whose eyes compell like powerfull *Adamas*,
The worlike heart of *Soliman* to wane.

King. See *Vice-roy*, that is *Rabbazar*, your Sonne,
That represents the Emperour *Soliman*,
How well he actes his amorous passion.

Vice.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Vic. I, *Belimperia* hath taught him that.

Cas. That's because his minde runs all on *Belimperia*.

Hier. What euer ioy Earth yeeldes, betwixt your Maiesty

Bal. Earth yeeldes no ioy, without *Perfeda*'s loue.

Hier. Then let *Perfeda* on your Grace attend.

Bal. She shall not waight on me, but I on her,

Drawne by the influence of her lights, I yeeld:

But let my friend the *Rhodian* Knight come forth,

Eraso, dearer then my life to me,

That he may see *Perfeda* my beloued.

Enter Erasó.

King. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, looke vpon the Plot,
And tell me brother, what part playes he?

Bal. Ah my *Eraso*, welcome to *Perfeda*.

Era. Thrice happy is *Eraso*, that thou liuest,
Rhodes losse is nothing to *Eraso*'s ioy,
Sith his *Perfeda* liues, his life suruiues.

Bal. Ah *Balthazar*, here is loue betwixt *Eraso*
And faire *Perfeda*, soueraigne of my soule.

Hier. Remoue *Eraso* mighty *Soliman*,
And then *Perfeda* will be quickly wonne.

Bal. *Eraso* is my friend, and while he liues,
Perfeda neuer will remoue her loue.

Hier. Let not *Eraso* liue to grieue great *Soliman*.

Bal. Deare is *Eraso* in our Princely eye.

Hier. But if he be your riual, let him die.

Bal. Why let him die, so lone commaundeth me,
Yet grieue I that *Eraso* should so die.

Hier. *Eraso*, *Soliman* saluteth thee,
And lets the wit by mee his highnesse will,
Which is, thou shouldst be thus imployde.

Stat him.

Bal. Aye me *Eraso*, see *Soliman*, *Eraso*'s flaine.

Bal. Yet liueth *Soliman* to comfort thee.
Faire Queene of Beauty, let not fauour die,
But with a gracious eye behold his griefe,
That with *Perfeda*'s beauty is increast,
If by *Perfeda*'s griefe be not releast.

Bal. Tyrant, desist soliciting vaine suites,

L.

Releas.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Relentlesse are mine eares to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pitilesse and base,
Which seazd on my *Erasto* harmelesse Knight,
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to commaund,
And to thy power, *Perfeda* doth obey:
But were she able, thus she would reuenge
Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince: *Let her stab him.*
And on her selfe she would be thus reueng'd. *Stab her selfe.*

King. Well sayd old Marshall, this was brauely done.

Hier. But *Belimperia* playes *Perfeda* well.

Vicer. Were this in earnest *Belimperia*,
You would be better to my Sonne then so?

King. But now, What followes *Hieronimo*?

Hier. Mary, this followes for *Hieronimo*,
Heere breake we off our sundry Languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.
Happely you thinke (but bootlesse be your thoughts)
That this is fabulosity counterfeited.

And that we doe as all Tragedians doe,
To die to day, (for fashioning our Scene,
The death of *Ajax*, or some *Roman* *Petree*)

And in a minute starting vp againe,
Reuiue to please to morrowes audience:

No Princes know I am *Hieronimo*,
The hopelesse Father of a haplesse Sonne;
Whose tongue is turn'd to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse grosse errors in the Play.

I see your lookes vrge instance of those words:
Behold therefore vrging me to this.

He shewes his dead Sonne.

See heere my shew, look on this spectacle:
Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath end:
Heere lay my heart, and heere my heart was slaine:
Heere lay my treasure, heere my treasure lost:
Heere lay my blisse, and heere my blisse bereft:
But hope, heart, treasure, ioy, and blisse,
All fled, sayld, dyed; yea all decayde with this:
From forth these woundes, came breath that gaue me life:
Then

The Spanish Tragedie.

They murdered me that made those farall markes:
The cause was loue, whence grew this mortall hate:
The hate, *Lorenzo* and young *Balthazar*.
The loue, my Sonne to *Belimperia*.
But night, the couer of accursed crimes,
With Pitchy silence husht the traytors harmes,
And lent them leaue, for they had sorted leasure,
To take aduantage in my Garden plot,
Vpon my Sonne, my deare *Horatio*.
There mercilesse they butchered vp my boy,
In blacke darke night, to pale dim cruell Death:
Hee strikes, I heard, and yet me thinkes I heare
His dismall outery eccho in the ayre:
With soonest speed I hasted to the noyse:
Where hanging on a tree I found my Sonne,
Through girt with wounds, and slaughtered as you see:
And grieued, (I thinke you) at this spectacle:
Speake *Portingales*, whose losse resemble mine,
If thou canst weepe vpon thy *Balthazar*?
Tis like I wayld for my *Horatio*.
And you my Lord, whose reconciled Sonne,
Marcht in a Net, and thought himselfe vnscene,
And rated me for braine-sicke lunacie:
Which God amende that madde *Hieronimo*.
How can you brooke our Playes catastrophe?
And heere behold this bloody Handkercher,
Which at *Horatio*'s death I (weeping) dipt
Within the Riuer of his bleeding wounds,
Is as propitious: see, I haue preserved,
And neuer hath it left my bloody heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my Vow:
With these, O these accursed murderers;
Which now performde, my heart is satisfied:
And to this end, the *Balthazar* I became,
That might reuenge me on *Lorenzos* life,
Who therefore was appoynted to the part,
And was to represent the Knight of *Rhodes*,
That I might kill him more conveniently.

The Spanish Tragedie.

So *Vice-roy* was this *Balthazar* thy Sonne,
That *Soliman*, which *Belimperia*
In person of *Perfeda* murdered,
Solely appoynted to that tragicke part,
That she might slay him that offended her?
Poore *Belimperia* mist her part in this,
For though the Story saith, she should haue died,
Yet I of kindnesse, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end.
But loue of him (whom they did hate too much)
Did vrge her resolution to be such.
And Princes, now behold *Hieronimo*,
Author and Actor in this Tragedy :
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist.
And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the Actors gone before.
And Gentles, thus I end my Play:
Vrge no more wordes, I haue no more to say.

He runneth to hang himselfe.

King. O hearken *Vice-roy*, hold *Hieronimo*.
Brother, my Nephew and thy Sonne are slaine.
Vice. We are betrayde, my *Balthazar* is slaine:
Breake ope the Doores; run, saue *Hieronimo*.

They breake in and hold Hieronimo.

Hieronimo, Doe but informe the King of these euents,
Vpon mine Honour thou shalt haue no harme.

Hier. *Vice-roy*, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day haue offered to my Sonne: (die.
Accursed wretch, why stay'st thou him that was resolut to

King. Speake traytor, damned bloody murderer speake,
For now I haue thee, I will make thee speake:
Why hast thou done this vnderferuing deed?

Vice. Why hast thou murdered my *Balthazar*?

Cassi. Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?

Hier. But are you sure that they are dead?

Cass. I slaine, too sure.

Hier. What, and yours too?

Vice. I, all are dead, not once of them suruiue.

Hier.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Nay then I care not : come, and we shall be friends,
Let vs lay our heads together :

See, here's a goodly nooze will hold them all.

Vice. O damned Diuell, how secure he is.

Hier. Secure, Why dost thou wonder at it ?

I tell thee (*Vice-roy*) this day I haue scene reueng'd,
And in that fight, am growne a prouder Monarch,
Then euer fate vnder the Crowne of *Spaine* :

Had I as many liues as there be Starres,

As many Heauens to goe to, as those liues,

I'd giue them all, I and my soule to boote,

But I would see thee ride in this red poole.

Cast. Speake, Who were thy confederats in this ?

Vice. That was thy Daughter *Belimperia*,

For by her hand my *Balthazar* was slaine :

I saw her stab him.

Hier. O good words : as deare to me was my *Horatio*,

As yours, or yours, or yours my *L.* to you.

My guiltlesse Sonne was by *Lorenzo* slaine,

And by *Lorenzo*, and that *Balthazar*,

Am I at last reuenged therowly

Vpon whose soules may Heauens be yet reuenged

With greater farre, then these afflictions.

Me thinkes, since I grew inward with *Reuenge*,

I cannot looke with scorne enough on Death.

King. What, dost thou mocke vs slaue, bring torturs forth.

Hier. Doe, doe, doe, and meane time Ile torture you :

You had a Sonne (as I take it,) and your Sonne

Should ha'e been married to your Daughter, ha, wast not so ?

You had a Sonne too, he was my Lieges Nephew :

He was proud and politike : had he liued,

He might a come to weare the Crowne of *Spaine* :

I thinke twas so, twas I that killed him,

Looke you, this same hand was it that stab'd

His heart, doe you see this hand,

For one *Horatio*, if you euer knew him ?

A youth, one that they hanged vp in his fathers Garden :

One that did force your valiant Sonne to yeeld,

The Spanish Tragedie.

While your valiant Sonne did take him prisoner.

Vice. Be deafe my Senses, I can heare no more.

King. Fall Heauen, and couer vs with thy sad ruines,

Cast. Rowle all the World within thy pitchy cloude.

Hier. Now doe I applaude what I haue acted.

Nunc mori eade manas.

Now to expresse the rupture of my part,

First, take my Tongue, and after ward my heart.

He bites out his Tongue.

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch:

See *Vice-roy*, he hath bitten forth his Tongue,

Rather then to reueale what we required.

Cast. Yet can he write.

King. And if in this he satisfie vs not,
We will deuise th'xtreamest kind of death,
That euer was inuented for a wretch.

He makes signes for a Knife to mend his Pen.

Cast. O, he would haue a Knife to mend his Pen.

Vice. Heere, and aduise thee that thou write the truth.
Looke to my Brother: Saue *Hieronimo*.

He with the Knife stabs the Duke and himselfe.

King. What age hath euer heard such monstrous deedes?
My Brother, and the whole succeeding hope
Of *Spaine*, expected after my discease.
Goe beare his body hence, that we may mourne
The losse of our beloued Brothers death,
That he may be intomb'd what ere befall:
I am the next, the neereft last of all.

Vice. And thou *Don Pedro*, doe the like for vs:
Take vp our haplesse Sonne vntimely slaine,
Set me with him, and he with wofull me,
Vpon the maine Mast of a Ship vnmard,
And let the wind and tide hale me along
To *Sillas* barking, and vntamed grife:
Or to the loathsome Poole of *Achiron*,
To weepe my want for my sweete *Rahazar*,
Spaine hath no refuge for a *Peruigale*.

Exeunt
The

The Spanish Tragedie.

The Trumpets sound a dead March, the King of Spaine mourning after his Brothers body: and the King of Portingale bearing the body of his Sonne.

Enter Ghost, and Reuenge.

Ghost I, now my Hopes haue end in their effectes,
When Blood and Sorrow finish my Desires;
Horatio murdered in his fathers Bower.
Vile *Serberine* by *Pedringano* slaine.
False *Pedringano* hang'd by quaint deuice.
Faire *Isabella* by her selfe misdone.
Prince *Balthazar* by *Belimperia* Rab'd.
The Duke of *Castile* and his wicked Sonne,
Both done to death by old *Hieronimo*.
My *Belimperia* false as *Dido* fell.
And good *Hieronimo* slaine by him selfe.
I, these were spectacles to please my soule.
Now will I beg at louely *Proserpine*,
That by the vertue of her princely doome,
I may comfort my Friends in pleasing sort;
And on my Foës, worke iust & sharpe Reuenge.
He lead my friend *Horatio* through these Fieldes,
Where neuer dying Warres are still inard,
He lead faire *Isabella* to that traine
Where Pitty weepes, but neuer feeleth paine.
He lead my *Belimperia* to those Ioyes,
That Vestall Virgins & faire Queenes possesse.
He lead *Hieronimo* where *Orphius* playes,
Adding sweete pleasure to eternall dayes.
But say *Reuenge*, (for thou must helpe, or none,)
Against the rest, how shall my hate be showne?
Reueng. This hand shal hale them downe to deepest Hel,
Where nought but Furies, Bugges, and Tortures dwell.
Ghost. Then sweete *Reuenge*, doe this at my request,
Let me be Iudge, and doome them to vnrrest.

L 4

Let

The Spanish Tragedie.

Let loose poore *Tisbe* from the *Vultures* gripe,
And let *Don Ciprian* supply his foome:
Place *Don Lope* on *Ixiens* Wheele:
And let the *Lovers* endlesse paines surcease.
Iuno forgets old wrath, and graunts him ease.
Hang *Balthazar* about *Chimeras* necke,
And let him there bewayle his bloody Loue,
Repining at our ioyes that are aboue.
Let *Serberus* goe roule the fatall Stone,
And take from *Siccius* his endlesse moane.
False *Pedringano* for his tretchery,
Let him be dragde through boyling *Acheron*:
And thereliue, dying still in endlesse flames,
Blaspheming Gods, and all their holy names.

Reuenge.

Then haste we downe to meete thy Friends and Foes:
To place thy Friends in ease, the rest in woes:
For heere, though Death hath end their misery,
He there begin their endlesse Tragedy.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



© Read. — The catastrophe of this play is at once horribly bloody and laughably ridiculous: yet there are in it passages of energy, and touches of pathetic nature. J. S. K.

